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THE PEROT FACTOR

But What if *Bush* Wins? by John Podhoretz

NATIONAL REVIEW

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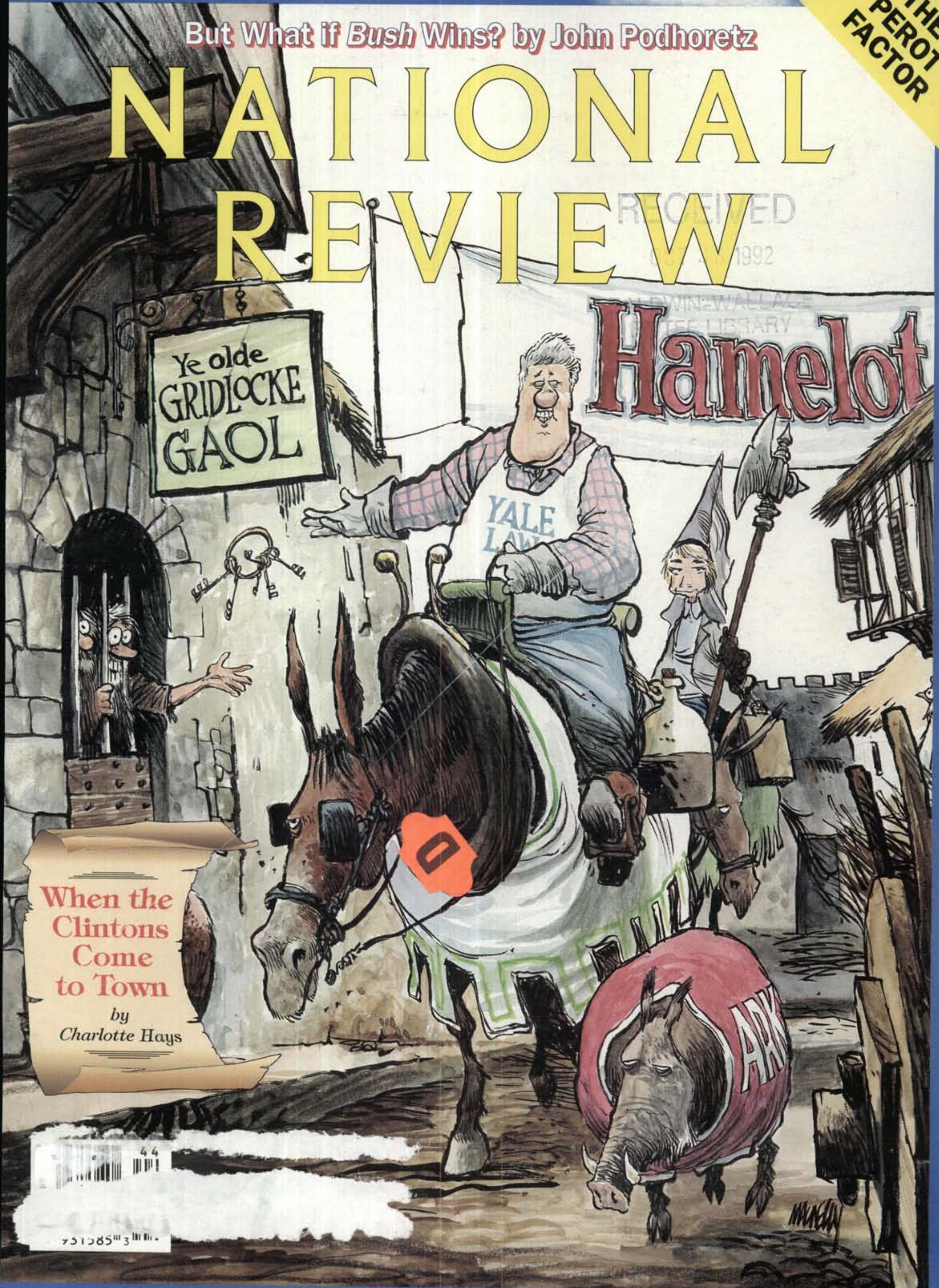
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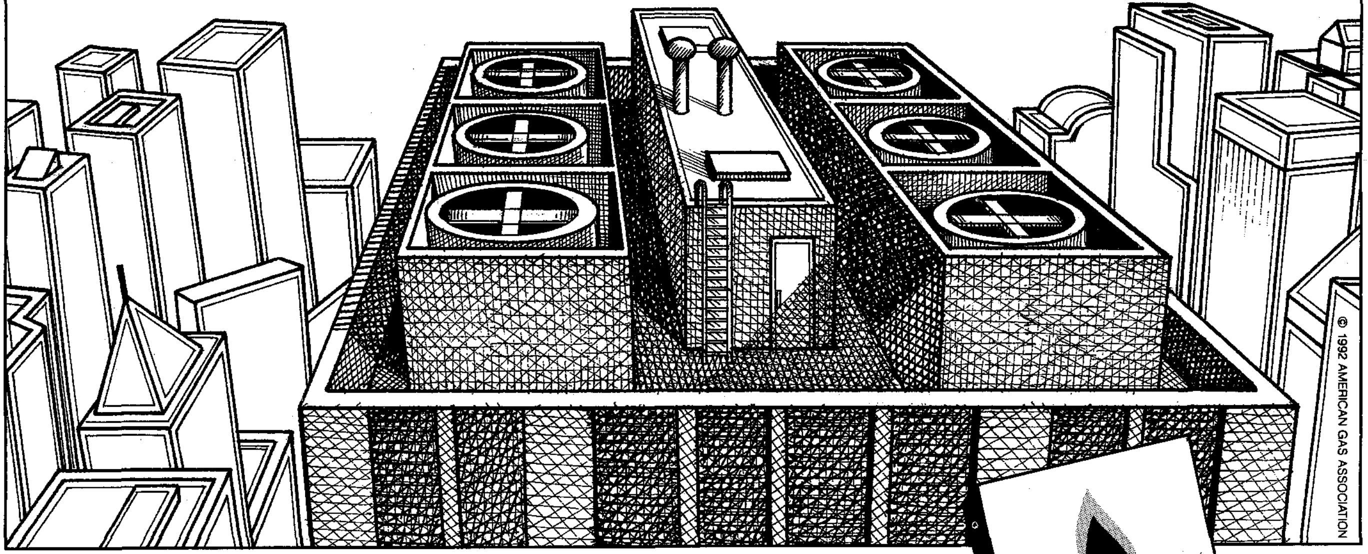
When the Clintons Come to Town

by Charlotte Hays

It's time we cleared the air about air conditioning.

The good news is that the use of chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs)—the refrigerants that have been affecting our ozone layer—has been banned. The not-so-good news is that we have to wait for the year 2000 for the ban to take effect. Fortunately, a lot of people aren't waiting. They realize the damage that's already been done. They realize that the ozone layer in our upper atmosphere that protects us from ultraviolet radiation is increasingly being damaged by CFCs. And they realize that it's got to stop…now! So more and more people with air conditioned offices, hotels, hospitals, supermarkets and other commercial buildings are switching from electrical cooling systems to new natural gas absorption cooling systems that use salt and water instead of polluting CFCs. They're benefiting from reduced air conditioning costs, and we're all benefiting from a safer environment.



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LETTERS

Gay Toleration

There is much in John Gray's "The Virtues of Toleration" [Oct. 5] that provides food for thought. Those of us who would like to see an eventual accommodation between the mainstream conservative movement and the gay community can take some hope in Mr. Gray's call for a "policy of toleration."

But here's the rub. Is recognizing gay-headed families in a curriculum about family life tantamount to preaching "moral equivalency," or is it simply a refusal to censor reality? And if teenagers are the main perpetrators of often brutal anti-gay assaults, does a school's refusal to present gay people as part of the social fabric contribute to depriving us of that most important liberty—the right to personal safety?

The difficulty in drawing the line between toleration and respect for other's moral views (or prejudices) was apparent in Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s column, "A Fresh Deal for Gays," in the same issue. Mr. Buckley deserves praise for arguing against the military's odious ban on gays and lesbians and calling on conservatives to respect "professional security for gays." Alas, he adds the coda, "except in those occupations, such as schoolteachers, in which they are expected to act as role models."

Again, is the recognition of gay lives—by schools, in taxpayer-funded art, on TV—intolerable? If the Right's response continues to be "yes," then accommodation remains a distant goal.

Stephen H. Miller
Vice Chair, Gay & Lesbian
Alliance against Defamation
New York, N.Y.

Liberal Revisionism

Perhaps Andres Oppenheimer's *Castro's Final Hour* is, as reviewer Christopher Caldwell states, "the most complete and objective treatment yet of Cuban society in collapse" ["Latin Holiday," Aug. 31]. But there is more to this story.

Oppenheimer's book is the latest installment in the current fashionable trend in American journalism toward finally recognizing Fidel Castro's corrupt and lawless regime. It was not long ago that Oppenheimer joined his liberal colleagues in the American media in downplaying the extent of Cuban subversion.

Today, Oppenheimer essentially verifies all that the Cuban exiles and other supporters of a free Cuba—including *NR*—have been saying for years about the Castro regime, and gets away with packaging it as a "secret story."

José R. Cárdenas
Director of Research
Cuban American National Foundation
Washington, D.C.

Goring the Numbers

Ronald Bailey asserts that "a recent RAND study showed that about 80 per cent of the money spent on Superfund has gone to pay lawyers' fees" ["Captain Planet for Veep," Sept. 14]. Our study, of which I am a co-author, came to no such conclusion.

We have collected data from various parties involved in Superfund clean-ups. We did not try to project legal and other transaction costs for the nation as a whole. Before we can do this, we must collect information from more parties involved in the Superfund process.

So far, we have no compelling evidence that Superfund is drowning in transaction costs. What is more, the share of transaction costs in total costs to date may not be representative of what the share will ultimately be when all the nation's hazardous-waste sites are cleaned up. One expects transaction costs to be highest at the beginning of the program and then fall as legal issues are resolved. The bleak picture painted by Mr. Bailey is unfounded.

Lloyd Dixon
Economist
RAND Corporation
Santa Monica, Calif.

Where did Ronald Bailey get his figures on the Gallup survey of what scientists think about global warming that he quoted in the article on Al Gore? Certainly not from Gallup.

Nowhere in the poll results do 53 per cent of scientists say they do not believe global warming has occurred. Scientists were not even asked, "Do you believe global warming has occurred?" as the article suggests. Your figures are phony, and your criticism of Al Gore is flawed.

Robert Steuteville
Emmaus, Pa.

I should have been clearer in my exposition. The RAND study that Mr. Dixon coauthored is divided into two sections; one was a survey of large insurance companies. RAND found that by 1989 legal fees accounted for 88 per cent of the funds spent by insurance companies on Superfund cases. Only 12 per cent of the funds disbursed by insurers had been spent on cleaning up Superfund sites.

However, the results of the second part of the study are not as bleak. RAND's survey of five Fortune 100 industrial corportations showed that transaction costs (75 per cent of which are legal fees) amounted to 21 per cent of these firms' costs of Superfund clean-ups.

Mr. Dixon speculates that transaction costs should "be highest at the beginning of the program and then fall as legal issues are resolved." Unfortunately, a recent survey by the National Paint and Coatings Association found that transaction costs increase the longer a Superfund case lasts and increase at a progressive rate, i.e., transaction costs rise faster over time. I continue to believe that the picture is as bleak as I painted it.

Apparently Mr. Steuteville believes that Gallup press releases tell the whole story and forgets that Gallup can be selective about the information it chooses to release to the public. I obtained my figures directly from the Center for Science, Technology & Media, which commissioned the Gallup poll. Their survey "found that experts who were directly involved in global climate research were more likely than their colleagues to reject the idea that human-induced global warming has occurred to date . . . 53 per cent rejected that idea and 30 per cent said they didn't know." I cited the Gallup results to show that there is considerable uncertainty among scientists about global warming that is reflected neither in the media nor by Senator Gore. —RB

Spare the Child

I have been a subscriber to *NR* since it was a pamphlet. I must register my disgust with the cover of the October 5 issue, which shows a grotesque caricature of Chelsea Clinton. Such a cover indicates a lack of the class which has always been a part of conservative values. I am appalled at the tastelessness evidenced by caricaturing a 12-year-old because of her father's political opinions.

J. M. Preston
Deltaville, Va.

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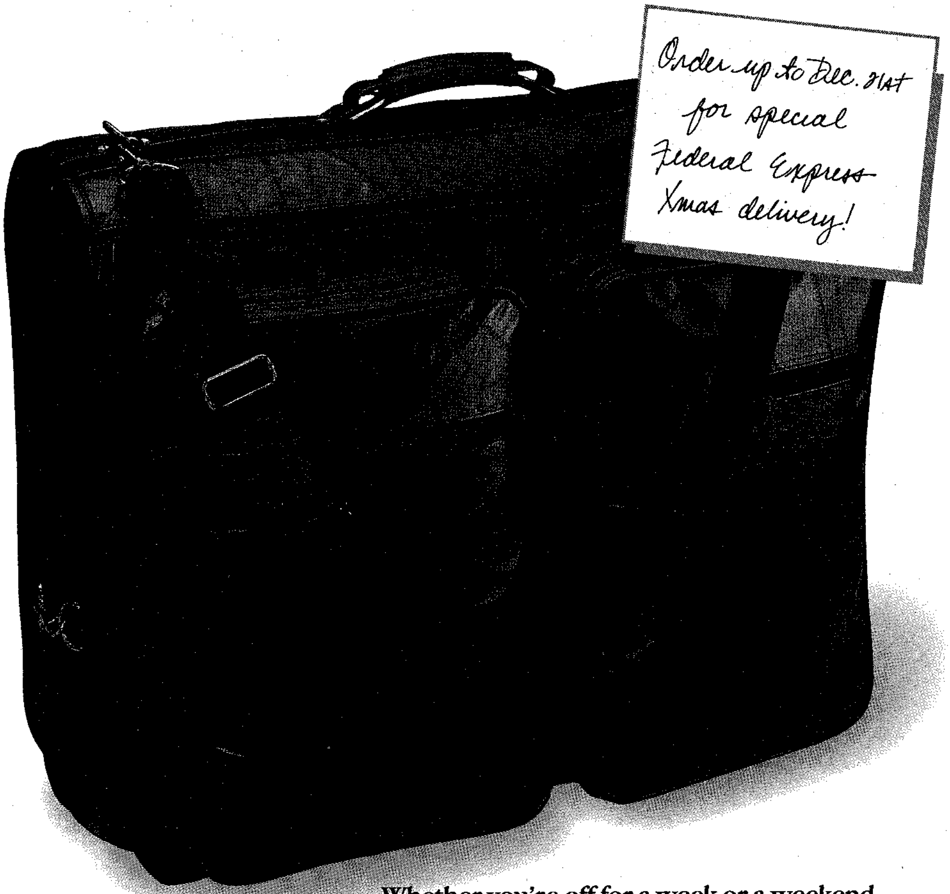
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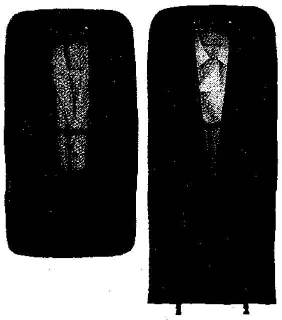

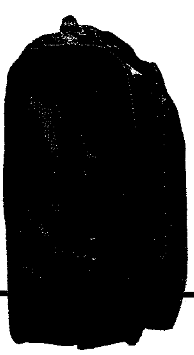
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No Money For Conservatives.

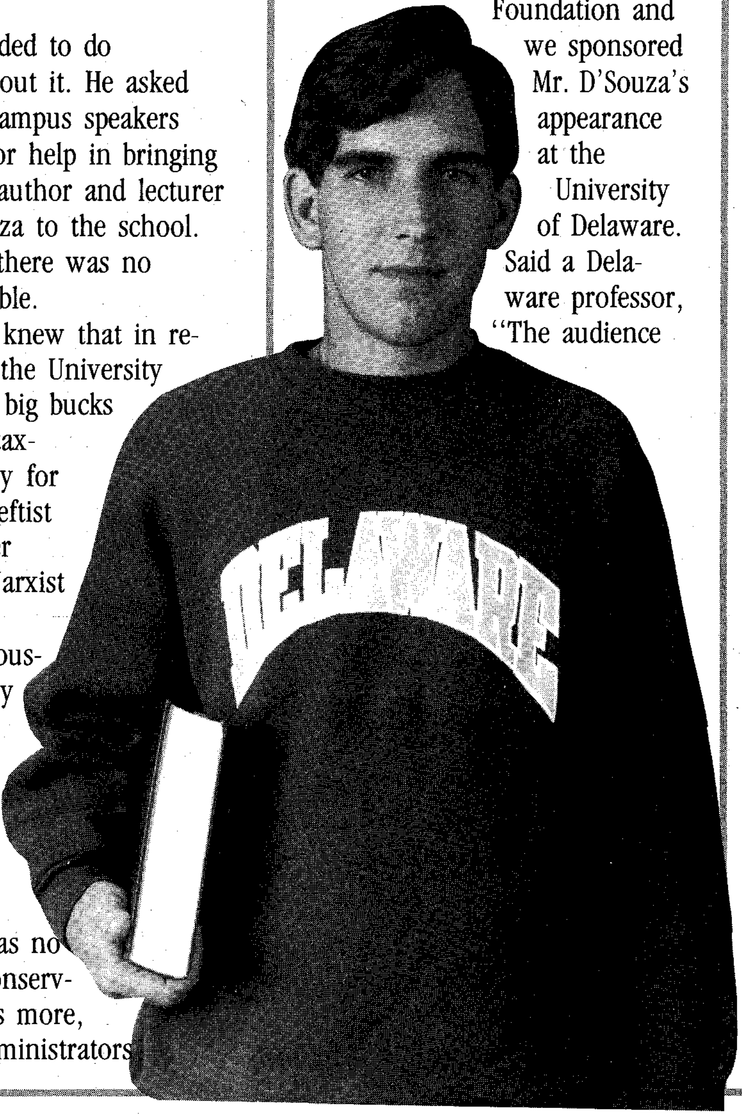
Heath Buzin was fed up. A junior at the University of Delaware, he was tired of the steady procession of liberal and left-wing guest speakers at his campus.

Heath decided to do something about it. He asked the various campus speakers committees for help in bringing conservative author and lecturer Dinesh D'Souza to the school. He was told there was no money available.

But Heath knew that in recent months the University had paid out big bucks in Delaware taxpayers' money for well-known leftist speakers. Over $6,000 for Marxist Angela Davis. Additional thousands for Molly Yard, Cesar Chavez, Stokely Carmichael and other liberal lecturers.

But there was no money for conservatives. What's more, University administrators tried to discourage the conservatives from inviting Mr. D'Souza because he was "too controversial."

Heath Buzin persisted. He contacted Young America's Foundation and we sponsored Mr. D'Souza's appearance at the University of Delaware. Said a Delaware professor, "The audience of more than 350 was the largest at our campus since the early seventies."



Don't take "no" for an answer. Heath Buzin fought back and is still fighting to bring balance to the speakers program at the tax-supported University of Delaware. Young America's Foundation is helping him with speakers, advice, and literature. In the past year we have sponsored hundreds of conservative speakers at campuses all over the United States; speakers such as Norman Schwarzkopf, Edwin Meese, Russell Kirk, Robert Novak and Phyllis Schlafly.

If you need our help we want to hear from you. Or if you would like to help Young America's Foundation to assist students like Heath Buzin, please contact us.

Write or call:

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FROM THE EDITOR

Friendly Fire

■ This is our penultimate issue in the election campaign. Tune in next time for *NR*'s endorsements. I'm told that the White House is on tenterhooks.

But some subtle clues to our final decision can be found in Charlotte Hays's light-hearted satire on Washington under Hillary. You cannot say you have not been warned.

Also recommended for a laugh of falling-off-the-sofa proportions is Christopher Buckley's account of Governor Clinton's career as a KGB mole (codename ELVIS.)

Alas, it pre-empts my own re-working of the paranoid classic, *The Manchurian Candidate*, with Mr. Clinton in the Laurence Harvey role. The climax of the movie takes place in the Yale Law Library where Hillary (played by Rebecca de Mornay) catches Bill's eye, walks over, and delivers the come-on line: "How about playing a nice game of solitaire?"

You don't get it? See the original movie.

■ If you don't argue your case, you may not convince people of its rightness. That may seem a statement of the obvious, but it explains many otherwise mysterious phenomena.

Take, for instance, the opinion polls showing that the two-thirds majority believing Clarence Thomas over Anita Hill has been transformed in the last year into a fifty–fifty split.

The mystery here stems from the fact that the only fresh evidence to emerge in the last 12 months has been David Brock's fine article in *The American Spectator* which—ahem—undermined Miss Hill's credibility. But that was overwhelmed by the persistent drumbeat of feminist propaganda in the media that Miss Hill was twice a victim of harassment, at the hands first of Judge Thomas, then of the all-male club of senators.

The propaganda succeeded because, apart from Mr. Brock, almost no one contested it. The Republicans, having got Clarence Thomas safely confirmed, were not going to waste their time disputing mere ideology. Besides which, they might lose feminist votes (which they had no chance of winning).

As a result, half America believes that George Bush nominated a sex-harasser to the Supreme Court, Anita Hill is a media icon, and the "Year of the Woman" may inflict half a dozen Stepford feminists on the Senate.

Polls similarly showed that the Houston Convention had produced an immediate "bounce" for the Republican Party, reducing Mr. Clinton's lead by between 9 and 15 points. According to the Democrat-*cum*-media circus, however, a Convention dominated by the "religious Right" and promoting a "divisive" version of family values had alienated the nation.

Again, the Republicans offered no defense; indeed, they let it be known that the theme of family values would be abandoned. By not vigorously contesting this attack, they in effect confirmed it, first to the media, eventually with the general public.

Had overnight tracking polls suggested that family values were "controversial"? But serious statesmen invest time and effort in *persuading* people—and necessarily so. If you abandon the battle for public opinion, you will eventually lose the entire war.

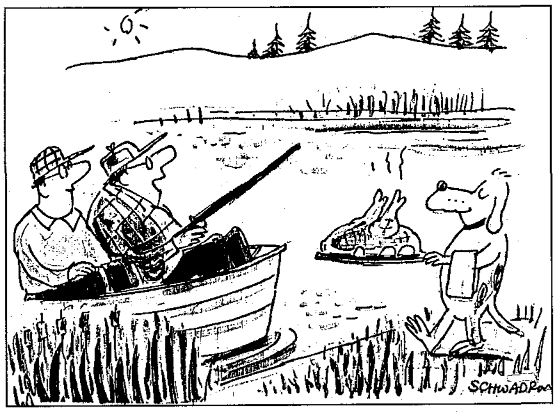
■ Listening to Governor Clinton and Senator Gore in the first two debates, however, I had the feeling of *déjà entendu*. What exactly did their statements and answers remind me of?

Then I realized. They were the verbal equivalent of Muzak, policies for strings, a kind of endless, low-level, droning glibness, each answer barely distinguishable from the next, a soothing, meaningless, easy-listening babble of nice-sounding buzzwords, obscuring every topic discussed and designed merely to give us a warm fuzzy feeling about the speaker.

But perhaps I'm reading too much Florence King. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

FOR THE RECORD

■ Bad news: the odds quoted by **Ladbroke's**, the venerable British betting establishment, after the first debate: **Bill Clinton**: 1 to 5; **George Bush**: 11 to 4; **Ross Perot**: 25 to 1. . . . Good news: poll taken by *Weekly Reader*, publication for grade-school children, which shows Bush over Clinton by 55 to 39 per cent. Poll has not missed in 36 years—presumably because dinner-table conversation is better indicator of how people will actually vote than what they tell pollsters. . . . The hinted dropping of **Nicholas Brady** and **Richard Darman** from a second Bush term cut no ice with Clinton campaign. Spokesman **George Stephanopoulos** said Bush's slogan should be: "Vote for me—and I promise to fire my staff." Actually, not a bad slogan to appeal to conservatives. As an unidentified Administration official put it: "Better late than never." . . . To know Clinton is to love him? **William Burnham** of Pine Bluff, Ark., writing in *Boston Globe*, points out that Arkansas ranks 20th in the country in taxes paid as a percentage of income, "a very high rate of taxation for one of the poorer states." . . . And *Arkansas Democrat Gazette*'s **Paul Greenberg** offered this description to the *Wall Street Journal*: "If there is a lodestar in his career, it's the constant search for popularity and re-election, period. We may not have seen the dimensions of this emptiness yet in an American President." . . . Southern Baptists are divided, according to **Peter Steinfels** in *New York Times*. **Sam Hill**, of University of Florida, contrasts Clinton and **Al Gore** with **Jimmy Carter**: "My father . . . would have said, 'They don't speak the language of Zion.'" What they speak, said Hill, "is the language of Georgetown, Vanderbilt, Harvard, Oxford, and Yale." But **Bill Leonard** of Samford University in Birmingham, Ala., says Southern Baptist influence is obvious: "Everyone can hear it in the way they speak, [including] the fact that Bill Clinton speaks a long time."



"And talk about well-trained!"

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■ Mixed news in House and Senate races around the country. In California, Reaganite **Bruce Herschensohn** is closing gap (down to 6 points) against unreconstructed liberal **Barbara Boxer**, while moderate Republican (and **Pete Wilson** pal) **John Seymour** lags far behind **Dianne Feinstein**, whom Mrs. Boxer criticized two years ago as "wishy-washy." . . . GOP might gain in Pennsylvania. Seven-term super-liberal **Peter Kostmayer** has benefited from fund-raising by Hollywood celebrities, but is vulnerable on House banking scandal. Kostmayer at first said, "It isn't anybody's damn business," then admitted to 50 overdrafts. His opponent is moderate State Sen. **Jim Greenwood**. . . . Anti-incumbent sentiment could unseat three-term veteran **John Glenn** (D., Ohio), opposed by Lieut. Gov. **Michael Dewine**, who calls it "a race between the past and the future." . . . In North Carolina freshman Rep. **Charles Taylor** is being challenged by Democrat **Jack Stevens** in redrawn 11th CD. Taylor (ACU rating: 90) leads Stevens 54 to 26 in Public Opinion Strategies Poll. . . . In Illinois, Woman of the Year candidate **Carol Moseley Braun** in trouble over way she handled money her mother received from sale of Alabama timberland, so as not to jeopardize her mother's Medicaid payments. They're calling it Mamagate. . . . In Michigan's normally solid-Republican 1st CD, GOP former Rep. **Phil Ruppe** is lagging in polls behind Democratic former State Rep. **Bart Stupak**—problem, according to **Kevin Phillips**, is George Bush's negative coattails.

■ One man eagerly awaiting outcome of presidential election is Mexican President **Carlos Salinas de Gortari**. He has staked political capital on North American Free Trade Agreement, to which Bush is committed; Clinton would make crippling concessions to Big Labor. . . . Weep not for **Mikhail Gorbachev**, locked out of his offices on order of **Boris Yeltsin** because of his refusal to testify in court concerning dissolution of Communist Party. Gorbachev's Center of Political and Social Research, staffed by unrepentant ex-apparatchiks, has raked in millions from Americans and Europeans. . . . Battle lines hardening in South Africa. **F. W. de Klerk**'s government taking flak from all sides for release of terrorists **Robert McBride** (ANC) and **Barend Strydom** (white irredentist). Meanwhile **Mangosuthu Buthelezi** ruled out further national negotiations until the ANC's armed wing, Umkhonto we Sizwe, is disbanded. He said arms caches had been found near KwaZulu capital of Ulundi, "intended for the use of ANC marchers in their attempt to topple the KwaZulu government." And South African Communist Party chief **Chris Hani** said the ANC/SACP would not call off its planned march in Ulundi despite warning it could lead to violence. . . . In Bosnia, as West continues to do nothing, **Ramiz Delalic**, young chief of a Bosnian guerrilla unit, lamented: "We haven't got the right to live as Moslems in the Balkans. People worry about animal species disappearing; here a whole people is disappearing in indifference."

■ Pennsylvania Gov. **Bob Casey** is 0 for 2 in New York. Shut out of Democratic Convention, he was invited to Cooper Union to speak on the subject: Can a liberal be pro-life? He was shouted off the podium by a coalition of radical feminists, gay activists, and supporters of a convicted cop killer on death row, **Mumia Abu-Jamal**.

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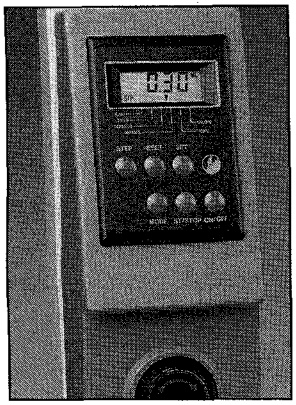

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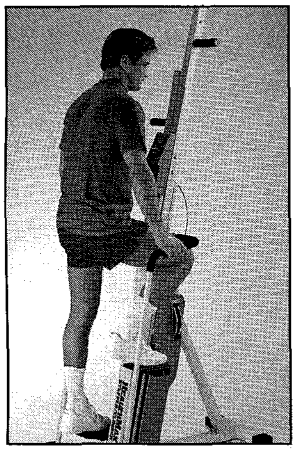

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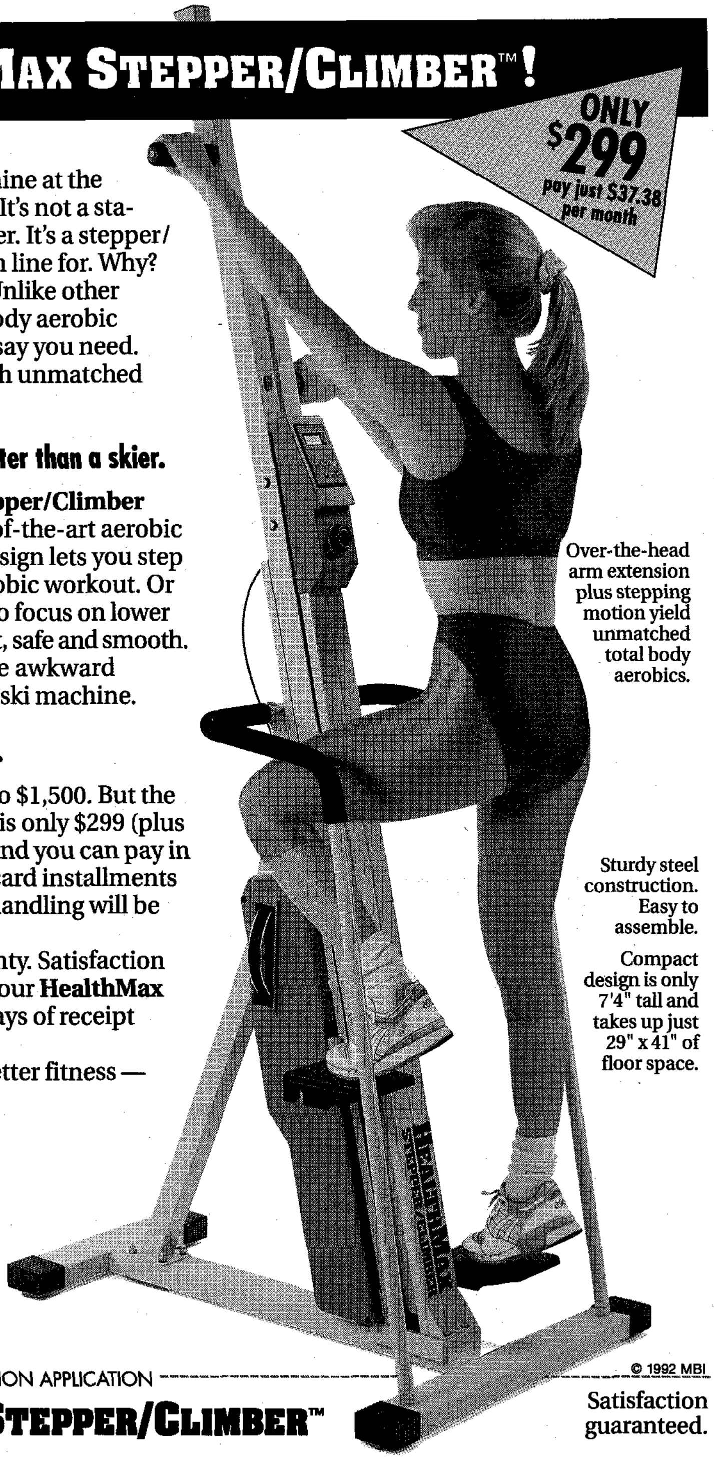

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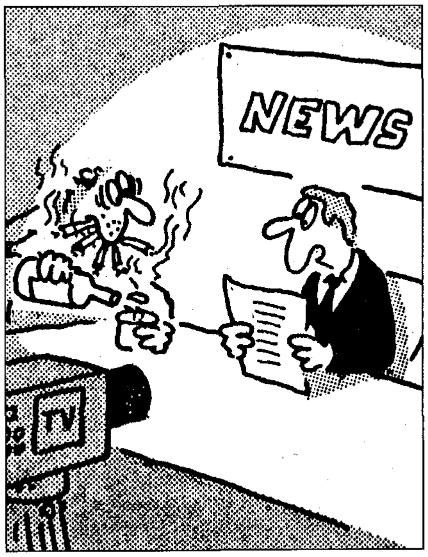
THE WEEK

■ Watching Al Gore debate, you began to understand why he feels so strongly about trees.

■ A law that limits executive compensation after tax rates on the wealthy have been raised—that's Bill Clinton's definition of tax relief.

■ Richard Darman has figured out why the Bush Administration is in dire straits, and the reason is: the "no new taxes" pledge. Not breaking it, of course, but making it in the first place. This view is presented in a four-part series in the *Washington Post*, by Bob Woodward, acting as a medium for Darman's spirit. As Mr. Darman tells the story, it begins in 1988, with Lee Atwater, hardball campaigner, and James Pinkerton, ideologue, urging Bush to take a tough line on taxes. "Those on Bush's staff concerned primarily with governing" oppose the line, "Read my lips: no new taxes." But right-wingers (Jack Kemp) and image-makers (Roger Ailes, Peggy Noonan) win the day. By 1990, Bush knows better, and bowing to Darman and congressional Democrats, agrees to a budget deal, including a rise in income taxes. Alas, by then, the economy is past the point of no return. And even Darman's belated victory loses its savor this spring when Bush, feeling the heat from Pat Buchanan, announces that breaking the tax pledge was a blunder. "The worst political mistake I've ever seen," says James Baker of the President's apology. "Sheer idiocy," quoth Darman. Mr. Darman's may be the first self-serving account from inside, but it won't be the last. The accounts to which the press will give the greatest play will be those that take the press's own line. Richard Darman tells how the right wing sabotaged George Bush economically, and the *Washington Post* tells America. And that's how it is.



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"And now over to our economics editor."

■ In an exclusive interview with London's *Sunday Telegraph*, Willie Horton makes it clear whom he favors in this year's presidential election. "I'm touched by what the Democrats are doing and how they're coming together again," he says. "I disagree with the Republicans because of what happened to me." Taking the large view, he adds: "As a society, we ought to choose the best people available to benefit *all* of society." And in an obvious allusion to the Bush campaign, he says: "The way this campaign is being run is against moral ethics." But in contrast to 1988, when he came out explicitly for Michael Dukakis, Horton stopped short of endorsing Bill Clinton. The Democrats are certainly cagier this year.

■ Asked to provide details of his medical history, Bill Clinton "has been less forthcoming about his health than any presidential nominee in the last 20 years," reports the *New York Times*. Clinton has released letters from three doctors attesting that his general health is good; he has so far refused to give more details. "We feel that this is a privacy issue and that if he became President, his medical records would be open," Clinton spokesman Avis LaVelle told the *Times*. After the story appeared on the front page of the Paper of Record, Clinton vaguely promised more details—but not full disclosure—"as election day draws near." This comes on the heels of the revelation that John Kennedy did indeed suffer from Addison's disease, contrary to his denials at the time. The nation may soon be asking: What did the President catch, and where did he catch it?

■ Remember the "October Surprise"—the rumors that the Reagan campaign in 1980 had sabotaged President Carter's brilliant handling of the Iran hostage negotiations by its own surreptitious dealings with Iran? Reports are now circulating in Washington that the House of Representatives task force looking into the matter is about to exonerate the Reagan campaign. The investigation seems to have concluded that the sources are suspect and most of the accounts demonstrably false. For this wild-goose chase, the American taxpayer is $4 million poorer. Meanwhile, Gary Sick, the former NSC staffer who gave credence to the original rumors in a *New York Times* article, is reported to be contemplating a movie offer from Oliver Stone and a prestigious appointment at a major university. Put it all together and—*Walter Mitty Goes to College.*

■ Last summer Special Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh, accompanied by two aides, flew to Los Angeles to conduct a day-long interview with former President Ronald Reagan. On the way back to Washington,

Jack Kerouac

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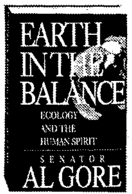

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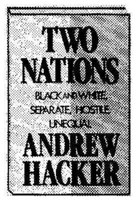

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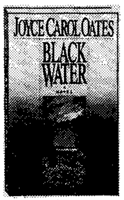

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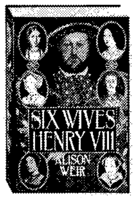

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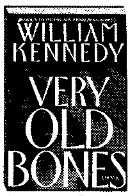

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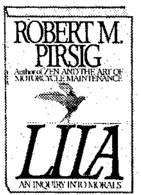

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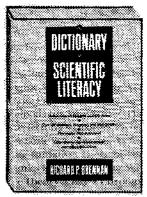

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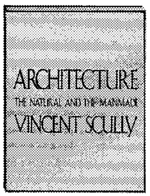

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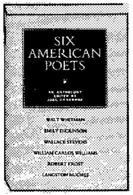

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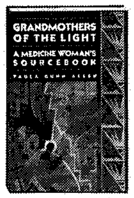

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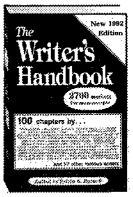

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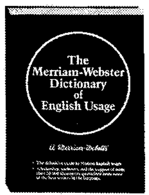

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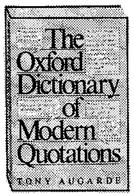

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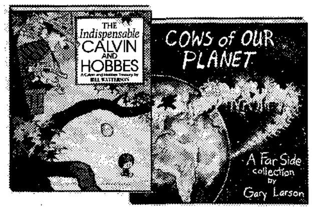

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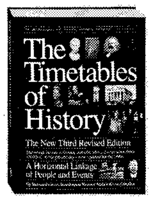

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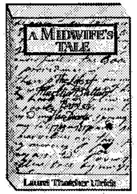

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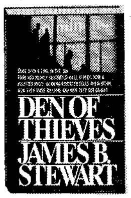

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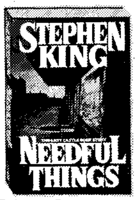

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■ Reprints of "The Real Reagan Record," from the August 31 special issue, are now available. Prices are $2 for individual copies and $45 for 25 copies. Bulk prices are available upon request. Please mail your order to NATIONAL REVIEW, Attention: Reagan Reprint, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

one of the aides checked a suitcase containing classified documents at an airport curbside check-in. The suitcase, and the documents, disappeared. It's too bad the Marx Brothers, or Abbott and Costello, are not around to play these people in the movie version. Clearly involved here was a flagrant violation of the rules governing the handling of classified material. Walsh has moved from tragedy to farce—again, at huge cost to the taxpayers—with nothing to show for it but three or four honorable men blackmailed into pleading guilty to misdemeanors.

■ Governor Clinton's October 1 speech in Milwaukee included a ringing endorsement of democracy as a paramount goal of our foreign policy. No one disputes the desirability of the spread of freedom—we are struck, indeed, by how powerful the tide of freedom has been in the Reagan–Bush years. We get nervous, however, when liberals spout Wilsonian slogans so exuberantly even while cutting back on the military power upon which, presumably, rests much of our leverage in international affairs. Clinton places great stock in the National Endowment for Democracy, Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty, and a comparable radio-broadcast service for East Asia. We don't disagree. But we fear some of our neoconservative friends are being bought off by a mess of wattage while Bill, Hillary, Pat Schroeder, et al. plan to dismantle the real sinews of American strength.

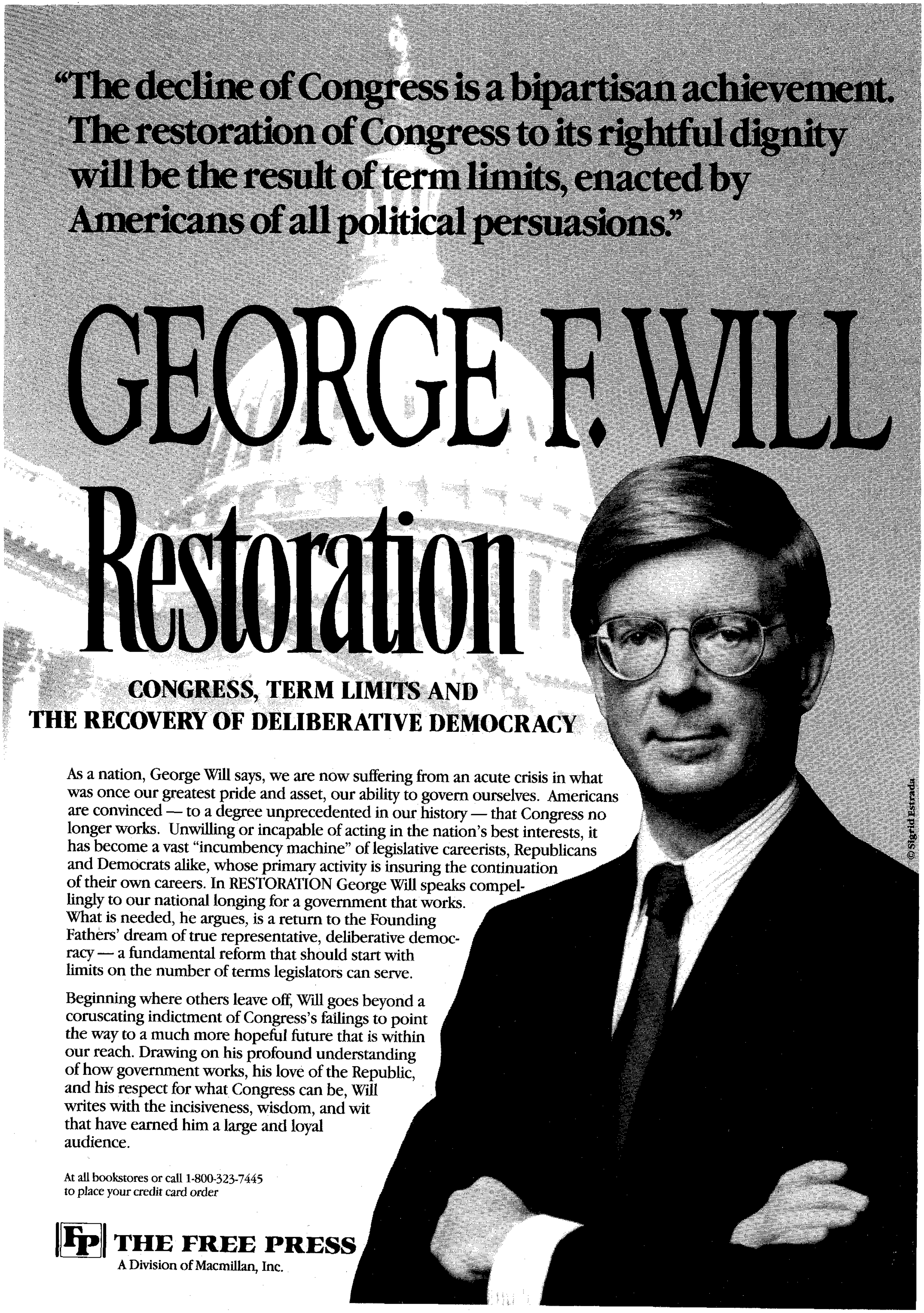
■ A former Sandinista official with the wonderfully apt name of Luis Carrion was awarded a one-year scholarship to study public administration at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government. Mr. Carrion's experience includes ethnic cleansing of Miskito Indians. Presumably at Harvard he will learn how to make flow charts reflect population flows.

■ The federal courts have passed a death sentence on the Virginia Military Institute, the 153-year-old all-male college whose alumni include General George C. Marshall. While the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals went out of its way to praise the merits of VMI's unique program, it insisted that the Commonwealth of Virginia could not give the academy public moneys unless it also supported a similar opportunity for women. Though VMI is supported in great measure by its endowment and private donations, it cannot afford to go private; going co-ed would, as the court admitted, defeat its purpose; and Virginia cannot afford to start a whole new institution—particularly since there are no more than a dozen girls in the state who would want such a program. This last, of course, highlights the absurdity of the ruling, based on the Fourteenth Amendment's guarantee of equal protection under the law. The pretense of gender equivalence is not part of the Constitution, or of life as it is lived even today. Of the 6.25 million women enrolled in U.S. colleges, only 250 are in single-sex ROTC programs. It took the Justice Department years of searching to find an "injured party" in order to file the suit against VMI and the girl has never been produced in public. Chalk up another victory—under a Republican Administration—for liberalism's relentless ideological assault against traditional institutions.

■ Nosirree, there's no cultural war going on, no assault on—tee-hee!—"family values." Let's not jump to conclusions from little indicators like Madonna's new book, *Sex*, wherein she is photographed in various poses of pedophilia, sadomasochism, and bestiality. Warner Books is pushing a first printing of 750,000 copies at $50 each, of what the by-no-means-prudish *Vanity Fair* calls "perhaps the dirtiest coffee-table book ever published." Then there is Sinead O'Connor, who ripped up a picture of the Pope on *Saturday Night Live* with the words, "Fight the real enemy!"—blaming the pontiff for war, racism, and child abuse. Miss O'Connor is also the cover subject of the current *Rolling Stone*, where she appears in a T-shirt reading "Recovering Catholic" and announces that "organized religion is a lie." (People must learn about the history of the popes—"We've got to realize that those f-----s are running the world, they're running every government in the world. They are the World Bank. I don't have proof of that, but I know that it's true.") While denouncing child abuse, Miss O'Connor fights for abortion rights, having reportedly had two abortions herself in recent years. Funny how the most aggressive people are endowed with the most indomitable sense of victimhood.

■ The *New York Times* proudly announced last week that the Philistines were a "civilized" people, making us wonder if archaeologists had just discovered some obscene temple sculptures.

■ Radio America, the national radio news and feature syndicate that presents the daily "Headline Exchange" between editors of *NR* and *The New Republic*, has added some new features, including several weekly half-hour programs of interest. *What's the Story* features analysis of the media's coverage of the news by *The New Republic*'s conservative, Fred



"The decline of Congress is a bipartisan achievement. The restoration of Congress to its rightful dignity will be the result of term limits, enacted by Americans of all political persuasions."

GEORGE F. WILL

Restoration

CONGRESS, TERM LIMITS AND THE RECOVERY OF DELIBERATIVE DEMOCRACY

As a nation, George Will says, we are now suffering from an acute crisis in what was once our greatest pride and asset, our ability to govern ourselves. Americans are convinced — to a degree unprecedented in our history — that Congress no longer works. Unwilling or incapable of acting in the nation's best interests, it has become a vast "incumbency machine" of legislative careerists, Republicans and Democrats alike, whose primary activity is insuring the continuation of their own careers. In RESTORATION George Will speaks compellingly to our national longing for a government that works. What is needed, he argues, is a return to the Founding Fathers' dream of true representative, deliberative democracy — a fundamental reform that should start with limits on the number of terms legislators can serve.

Beginning where others leave off, Will goes beyond a coruscating indictment of Congress's failings to point the way to a much more hopeful future that is within our reach. Drawing on his profound understanding of how government works, his love of the Republic, and his respect for what Congress can be, Will writes with the incisiveness, wisdom, and wit that have earned him a large and loyal audience.

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■ Feminists are infuriated at Barbie, the doll, because in a new talking version Barbie says, politically incorrectly, "Math class is tough," and isn't it just like feminists to get mad at a doll?

■ P. G. Wodehouse once described a character as having the stricken expression of an American congressman who had just been handed an anonymous telegram reading, "All is discovered. Fly at once." If term limits fail, try Western Union.

■ We take pleasure in announcing the publication this month by National Review Books of *The Loss of Virtue: Moral Confusion and Social Disorder in America and Britain*, edited by *NR* contributor Digby Anderson. For a sample, see John Gray's essay on "The Virtues of Toleration" in our October 5 issue. Details of how to order will appear in a later issue.

Character in Search Of Philosophy

GEORGE BUSH surprised his critics by starting off the debates with a manner that was calm, dignified, and authoritative. But the debates, and the campaign itself, missed a climax when Bill Clinton said, "Mr. Bush, for 12 years you've had it your way. You've had your chance and it didn't work. It's time to change." To which, the correct answer was: "Mr. Clinton just said that I'd had my way for 12 years. In those years, Communism collapsed and Saddam Hussein was driven out of Kuwait; we had the longest boom in American history, because we cut taxes; and we took a Supreme Court which used to legislate quotas and abortion, and restored some balance to it. Mr. Clinton wants to change all of that; I don't."

In short, Bush could have defended the conservative achievements of his and Ronald Reagan's Administrations. He didn't. And he never has, in any consistent or intelligible way, which is why his reelection is still in peril.

Meanwhile, in Sarajevo ...

The water's off; the lights don't work.
They can't beam up like Captain Kirk.
Shells pock the cemetery lawns
From dusk to rosy-fingered dawns,
And winter hissing down a slope
Will soon demand, "Abandon hope,"
As Europe tries to disregard
The slaughter in its own back yard.

W. H. VON DREELE

It was symptomatic of the President's hesitant campaign that he should have made insinuations about Governor Clinton's student trip to Moscow and, when challenged, at once pronounced himself satisfied with Clinton's unsatisfactory account. This allowed Clinton to paint the questions about his activities as McCarthyite innuendo, and left the President looking sheepish.

There *are* legitimate questions to be put about Mr. Clinton's youthful leftism; but they are not the questions the President asked. Clinton's famous December 1969 letter to Colonel Eugene Holmes, thanking the colonel for helping him escape the draft, proudly recites his antiwar activities during that fall's Moratorium season: Clinton said he had worked at the Moratorium headquarters in Washington in the summer before going to England, and in England had helped organize antiwar extravaganzas in London coordinated with the Moratorium activities at home, including a "March against Death" at the U.S. Embassy. Two sympathetic books on the "peace" movement, by David Mixner and by Father Richard McSorley, refer to young Bill Clinton as an organizer, leader, and indeed master of ceremonies at some of the London events.

If the man had the courage of his convictions, would he lie about his past? But lie he did on Phil Donahue's show, denying that he had ever organized an antiwar demonstration or had anything to do with the Moratorium. The issue, then, is less his hostility to U.S. foreign policy while abroad than his evasions, deceit, and slippery rationalizations. But Mr. Bush passed up the chance to hammer at such points, turning a powerful issue into a debit for himself.

Worse, he failed to press Clinton on the significance of the facts that even Clinton has never bothered to obscure. Mr. Bush should have asked directly: "In the light of the triumph of Communist tyranny in Southeast Asia, with the attendant slaughter of millions and the desperate spectacle of countless boat people, do you feel any remorse, or even second thoughts, about the policies you were advocating in those years?" Mr. Bush failed to do this, in part because moderate Republicanism has no guiding philosophy, thus no insight into its oppo-

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NRAH9

nents' weaknesses, thus no stomach for an ideological fight.

And this lacuna disables almost everything the Bush campaign attempts. Implicitly promising to can Dick Darman and Nicholas Brady, and to replace them with James Baker in the second term, is pointless unless it clearly signifies a change in economic philosophy. That change needs to be real, but not wholesale. For all its flaws, the Bush record is far from indefensible; and its flaws have been precisely its deviations from a Reaganite to a Clintonite course. Mr. Bush has admitted his errors, but too timidly to benefit from doing so. He has only a few days to drive home the point that his *aberrations* would be Clinton's *policies*, to lay out a conservative program for economic recovery on Reagan–Kemp lines, and to ask the American people for a second chance.

Taxing the Golden Goose

IN HIS enterprising search for new tax revenues, Bill Clinton has stumbled upon a $30-billion gift from Dan Rostenkowski. That is the House Ways and Means Committee's estimate of the extent to which foreign corporations "cheat" on their U.S. taxes.

Mr. Clinton has swallowed the idea that foreign firms routinely "overcharge" their U.S. subsidiaries for parts shipped from home base in order to reduce their reported earnings. Never mind that the IRS has conducted extensive audits of foreign firms and come up dry. Or that such abuses, if they did exist, would merely shift profits to the home country, where tax rates are generally higher.

Tax "fairness," in Clinton's view, requires *assuming* that foreign companies earn money on their U.S. operations at 75 per cent of the rate earned by their U.S. competitors. If, for example, U.S. computer manufacturers averaged a 10 per cent profit on sales, a foreign computer maker selling $100,000 worth of computers would be forced to declare profits of at least $7,500, whether the company actually made money or not.

But Governor Clinton balances his attack on foreign investment with an attack on U.S. investment abroad. Foreign subsidiaries of U.S. firms would no longer be allowed to defer taxes on foreign profits that are reinvested. Mr. Clinton apparently thinks that the best way to keep U.S. capital in the U.S. is to limit profit opportunities abroad rather than increase opportunities at home. Messrs. Smoot and Hawley would have agreed.

The U.S. economy benefited from a record inflow of foreign capital during the Eighties; millions of Americans owe their jobs to foreign entrepreneurs. Profit rates for foreign-owned operations in the U.S. are indeed lower than for comparable domestic investment, but this reflects the enormous costs of starting operations in a foreign country—not tax cheating.

The Clinton people know all this. Their "plan" for foreign investment is protectionism, pure and simple. But it is hard to see which special-interest groups will benefit. Not American-owned operations abroad, which would rightly fear retaliation; and not the about-to-be-unemployed Americans currently working for foreign companies.

Baker's Last Roll

If, by the last debate, the boss
Still contemplates a ten-point loss,
He'll take Tutwiler by the hand
And vanish like a grain of sand.

W. H. VON DREELE

What a Difference A Year Makes

A *U.S. News & World Report* poll finds that Anita Hill's credibility has grown as memories have faded. A year ago, 60 per cent of respondents believed Clarence Thomas, as opposed to only 20 per cent who believed Miss Hill. Now it's even, at 38 per cent each.

No new evidence to support Miss Hill has emerged in that time. On the contrary, a long article in the March *American Spectator* by David Brock (soon to be expanded into a book) raised deep questions about her veracity and even her grip on reality. One of Miss Hill's key supporting witnesses, Judge Susan Hoerchner, swore that she had discussed Mr. Thomas's alleged harassment with the accuser, then admitted that she had moved from Washington *before* Miss Hill went to work for him; thereafter she was extremely foggy about the dates of the supposed conversations. One partner in a law firm Miss Hill had worked for contradicted her testimony that her work for the firm was, as far as she knew, satisfactory. She was not at all the "conservative" portrayed in the media, but an activist for feminist and "civil rights" causes.

All of which has been ignored by the media and other mythologizers. Anita Hill has consequently moved to the first rank of liberal martyrs, occupying a place once reserved for Alger Hiss, whose innocence was likewise an article of faith for a generation. Pennsylvania's Arlen Specter may well lose his

Senate seat because of his tough cross-examination of her during Mr. Thomas's confirmation hearings; as if such charges as she made should have been taken on her unexamined word.

Which, in fact, is what the cultural Left wants. Empirical evidence isn't required when the accusation accords with the progressive agenda. A politically incorrect target like Clarence Thomas is guilty because accused. The mythic structure is precisely the mirror image of liberalism's account of the "witchhunts" of the Fifties, in which hysteria overwhelmed rationality, ruining the careers of the innocent. We are living in liberalism's Age of Suspicion. And a would-be Anonymous Accuser is the heroine of the hour.

Veto Politics

CONGRESS ended President Bush's winning streak of 35 sustained vetoes when both houses voted to override his veto of the cable TV re-regulation bill. Intense lobbying by the White House failed to win over Republican senators, the majority of whom joined gleeful Democrats in delivering this political defeat to Bush less than a month from the election. Even before Republican leadership, like Mississippi Senator Thad Cochran and House Minority Leader Bob Michel, jumped ship in the face of pro-consumer demagoguery concerning rate increases and customer relations.

RIGHT DATA

Finally, Fairness

THE RICH get richer, and pay less tax. The poor get poorer, and pay more.

Variations on this theme have haunted Republicans since the early days of the Reagan Administration. There is, however, a slight revisionist trend at work. In October the most liberal of *New York Times* economic writers, Sylvia Nasar, retreated from her earlier line about Reagan–Bush tax unfairness. Drawing on new CBO research, Mrs. Nasar reported that while the overall federal tax burden remained about the same, the income-tax changes legislated during the Eighties benefited *all* American families.

She omitted the details:

PERSONAL INCOME-TAX RATES BY INCOME GROUP

(Tax as Percentage of Income)

Income Quintile	Top Income in Bracket	1980	1992	Percentage Reduction, 1980–92
Poorest 20%	$20,300	–0.5	–3.2	540.0
Second 20%	36,800	4.5	2.8	38.7
Third 20%	54,500	7.9	6.2	21.5
Fourth 20%	82,400	11.0	8.7	20.1
Richest 20%	–	17.2	15.5	9.9
Total		12.3	10.9	11.4
Richest 1%	$324,100+	23.9	22.0	7.9

The 1981 tax act slashed the top marginal tax rate—the rate paid on the last dollar of income—from 70 per cent to 50 per cent, and lowered other rates by nearly one-quarter. In 1986 the top rate was cut again, to 28 per cent. That year's tax reform also expanded the alternative minimum tax, which ensures that wealthy taxpayers cannot escape paying tax altogether, and increased the standard deduction, thereby removing millions of low-income taxpayers from the tax rolls. Tax policy took an unfortunate turn at the 1990 budget summit, when the top marginal tax rate was increased to 31 per cent.

These reforms increased the progressivity of the personal income tax. As seen in the table, the richest 1 per cent (1992 income of at least $324,100) saw their tax rates decline by only 7.9 per cent between 1980 and 1992. Middle- and lower-income groups received significantly larger percentage cuts over this period. In fact, the poorest fifth of taxpayers now receive a tax refund equal to 3.2 per cent of their pre-tax income. In 1980, their average refund equaled only 0.5 per cent.

Unfortunately, what income-tax reform giveth, less visible tax changes take away. Corporate taxes increased dramatically with the passage of the Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act (TEFRA) in 1982. Five "Deficit Reduction Acts" produced additional revenues, *but no deficit reduction*, throughout the 1980s. Most of the added tax burden was in the form of Social Security taxes. As a result of legislation passed during the Carter Administration (1977), payroll-tax rates rose from 12.26 per cent in 1980 to 15.3 per cent in 1990. This, along with more modest changes enacted in response to the Greenspan Commission's recommendations in 1983, generated an extra $300 billion in Social Security taxes—most of it from middle-class taxpayers. None of this was the result of Reagan tax reform, which focused on income taxes. —ED RUBENSTEIN

Average cable rates had indeed risen 39 per cent during the first three years following deregulation. But scores of new channels are now on offer. Adjusting for inflation, the price per channel has barely increased, and, in areas where rates are high, the culprit is lack of competition rather than deregulation.

Because local governments restrict market entry, over 99 per cent of the cities with cable have only one provider. Some fifty local jurisdictions, including Cleveland, Orlando, and Omaha, do allow competition. Prices in these competitive markets for basic cable service are about 18 per cent lower than in markets where government enforces monopolies.

Estimates reveal that the cost of re-regulation for cable operators, which will be passed on to consumers under the law's "cost plus" formula, would be almost $3 billion annually. With their revenues capped, cable firms can now maximize their profits only by holding down their costs—for example, by not upgrading equipment or adding new channels. The law also destroys any incentive for technological innovations that would enable new firms to enter the market in competition with existing cable providers. Congress rejected a Republican-supported provision to increase competition from telephone companies, which federal law currently prohibits from offering cable services.

President Bush deserves credit for vetoing this heavy-handed re-regulation of the cable industry. It will thwart new technologies, cost jobs, reduce consumer choices, and drive up consumers' costs. Worse still, the number of Republicans who supported this bad law out of fear of being labeled "anti-consumer" might be a harbinger of what's to come if "consumer advocates" Clinton and Gore reach the White House. And the episode reminds us that, as President, Mr. Bush has successfully vetoed 35 other bad laws that would otherwise be on the statute books. A glance at those proposed laws should provide the most doubting of conservative Thomases with—at a guess—35 reasons for voting next month.

Admiral of the Ocean Sea

FIVE HUNDRED years ago Christopher Columbus discovered America. That's right: *discovered* America. To say this would be to risk ridicule on any college campus today (and indeed, thanks to multicultural "diversity," many high schools and grade schools). After all, weren't there people already present in the Western Hemisphere in 1492? But in a real sense Columbus did discover America. That is, he and other fifteenth-century navigators brought the American continent into world history.

In the European world of Columbus, the great navigators were part of an explosion of cultural and intellectual energy that reached into all areas of life. Its spirit is well expressed by the late-Renaissance poet John Milton when he vowed to do things yet "unattempted in prose or rhyme." This period included Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci, and the building of St. Peter's in Rome, and the Pope who named himself not after a saint but after Alexander the Great. Christopher Columbus belonged to this company. Importantly, he was determined to test his ideas against the facts as revealed by exploration.

Those who today denounce Columbus are ahistorical sentimentalists and would-be tribalists who rail fruitlessly against a momentous historical development.

Americans justly celebrate Columbus five hundred years later. He richly deserves the title conferred upon him by the Spanish monarchs, "Admiral of the Ocean Sea," and the applause of the heirs to the European civilization he brought to the Americas.

Allan Bloom, R I P

WHEN Allan Bloom wrote about the University of Chicago his eloquence recalled that of Arnold or Newman celebrating Oxford. "When I was 15 years old, I saw the University of Chicago for the first time and somehow sensed that I had discovered my life. I had never before seen, or at least had not noticed, buildings that were evidently dedicated to a higher purpose, not to necessity or utility, not merely to manufacture or trade, but to something that might be an end in itself." To such an ideal of disinterestedness were our universities devoted, though of course in an asymptotic way, until only yesterday.

Much as Burke was "startled into reflection" by events in France during the year 1790, Bloom was shocked into public polemic by what he saw happening to the universities from the 1960s onward. A brilliant classicist and political theorist, he began sounding the alarm in campus addresses during the

Reagan Democrats React

Forget about quitting; forget about why
He waved his supporters a phony bye-bye:
Last week in St. Louis the other two looked
So overly scripted and overly cooked
That Cokie told Peter (who quickly inhaled),
"Perot wowed the plumbers and Bush has been
nailed."

W. H. VON DREELE

early 1980s: the disinterested goals of the academy were being subverted and jettisoned in the name of neo-Marxist race, gender, and class politics.

In 1982 he turned his campus presentations into an essay he published in NATIONAL REVIEW. His friend Saul Bellow encouraged him to expand the essay into the book that became *The Closing of the American Mind: How Higher Education Has Failed Democracy and Impoverished the Souls of Today's Students* (1987). Professor Bloom himself was flabbergasted by the book's popular success, which indicated that a large public was aware that something was seriously wrong in American higher education. The book is an eloquent, densely argued work. Bloom's great theme throughout is that ideology has invaded the academy to an absolutely unprecedented degree, *closing* the American mind—at least the academic American mind—to the truth about human nature. Professor Bloom's heart was torn by the vulgarity of a culture that could think of Plato and Shakespeare merely as Dead White European Males.

Professor Bloom's book was the first to describe the intellectual and moral disarray of the American academy today. Inevitably, therefore, he was denounced as elitist, sexist, and even racist. He was allowed no peace, not even in the *New York Times* obituary, which mean-spiritedly quoted hostile opinions of him as cranky and reactionary. But he inspired other important criticisms of the academy, notably, Dinesh D'Souza's *Illiberal Education*, Roger Kimball's *Tenured Radicals*, Peter Shaw's *The War against the Intellect*, Charles Sykes's *The Hollow Men*, Martin Anderson's *Impostors in the Temple*, and most recently David Bromwich's *Politics by Other Means*.

We regret that Allan Bloom did not live to see the reform of the universities which his criticisms will surely produce.

Willy Brandt, R I P

MANY OF the paradoxes of modern Germany found expression in the complex personality of Willy Brandt. A veteran of the anti-Nazi resistance and a staunch anti-Communist in his days as mayor of embattled West Berlin, he was one of the authentic, indeed heroic, spokesmen of a German democratic tradition. After the Berlin Wall went up in 1961 and the West acquiesced in it, however, Brandt drew the stark conclusion that unquestioning fidelity to the Atlantic Alliance might not, after all, further Germany's long-term national

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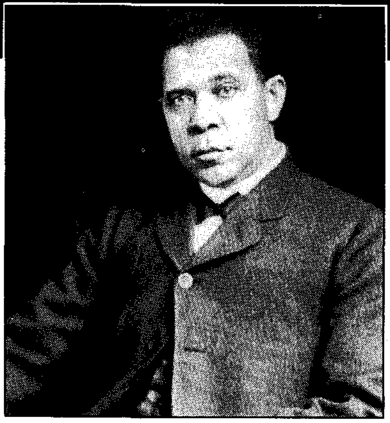
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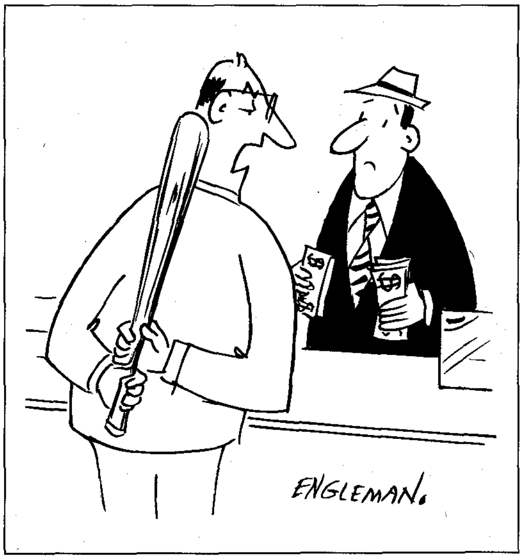
aim of restoring its unity. As Federal Chancellor, Brandt then developed his "Eastern Policy" (*Ostpolitik*), which sought accommodation with the Soviet Union in the hope that this would at least lower some of the barriers between the two Germanies.

History's verdict must be mixed. The détente policy that Brandt pioneered did foster conditions in which West German democracy and prosperity acted as a powerful magnet to East Germany and all of Eastern Europe. Yet it also represented the first stirrings of an impulse in Federal Germany to pursue its own national interests even when these were in conflict with those of its Atlantic or European partners. Thus, *Ostpolitik* was not a form of left-wing accommodationism—conservative German politicians emulated Brandt with great energy—but of German nationalism. It was the perennial phenomenon of a powerful Germany, in the center of the Continent, unsure of where it fit in the European equilibrium, shifting this way and that in pursuit of its national aims, with the potential (even with the best of intentions) of magnifying all its neighbors' insecurities. Today, with Germany even more powerful since its goal of unity was fulfilled—which came about because of the Western solidarity toward which Brandt was so ambivalent—the legacy of the independent course that Brandt first explored remains a factor of enormous uncertainty for Europe's future.



"Now, the penalty for early withdrawal."

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Attn: Wm. F. Buckley:

Your answer to Russell A. Khoury in the June 22 issue was unkind. Were you implying that he is not literate?

I'm literate, and I find many of your writers pedantic and smug.

Very truly yours,
Barbara MacDonald
Frazier Park, Calif.

Dear Miss MacDonald: No no no. *Some* of our writers, not *many* of our writers, are pedantic and smug. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It has bothered me for years to see or hear people, including real pros like you, using the relative pronoun "that" in place of the personal pronoun "who," when the pronoun is referring to a person as opposed to a thing. An example would be "Henry was the only person that wore black to the funeral." I guess it's perfectly good grammar but it still grates on me. Am I being a silly old perfectionist?

A Faithful Follower,
Harry Birchard, CPA (Rtd)
West Chester, Pa.

Dear Mr. Birchard: Waal, it's not *that* easy. Herewith a fragment from Evans (Bergen and Cornelia), page 505: "During the seventeenth century *that* almost disappeared from literary English and *who* replaced *which* as a relative referring to persons. But by 1700 *that* was coming into favor again. At first many educated people considered it a vulgar innovation. The *Spectator* of May 30, 1711, published a 'Humble Petition of *Who* and *Which* against the upstart Jack Sprat *That*,' in which *Who* and *Which* say: 'We are descended of ancient Families, and kept up our Dignity and Honor many Years till the Jacksprat *That* supplanted us.' Actually, they were the intruders and eventually *that* regained its old position. In the Authorized Revision of the Bible (published in 1885) we find *Our Father that art in heaven*, the form that had been used in the Wycliffe translation of 1389. Today we make a distinction between *who* and *which*, and use *who* in speaking of persons and *which* in speaking of anything subhuman. *That* is generally preferred to *which* where both words are possible, but many people prefer *who* to *that* when the reference is to a person. Twentieth-century translations of the Bible are likely to read, *Our Father who art in heaven*." It does go on, does it not? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

An election-year thought: Isn't it time for congressional Democrats to update their high kickin' donkey insignia to a more fitting emblem, say a pink flamingo—an ungainly fowl whose legs, when prodded to move, bend backward instead of forward, often found in South Florida when ill winds blow, all gussied up for the racing crowd as they bemusedly eye two-dollar bettors being brazenly prepared for a grand and glorious plucking?

Just askin'!

Sincerely,
Raymond E. Smith
North Miami, Fla.

Dear Mr. Smith: You draw it, we'll publish it. Cordially, **—WFB**

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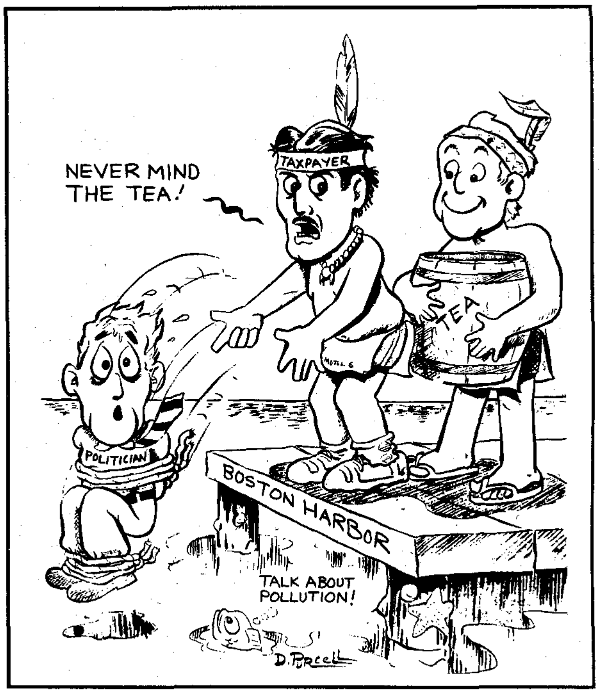

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ON THE SCENE

Senator Pothole v. Mr. Liberal

RICHARD BROOKHISER

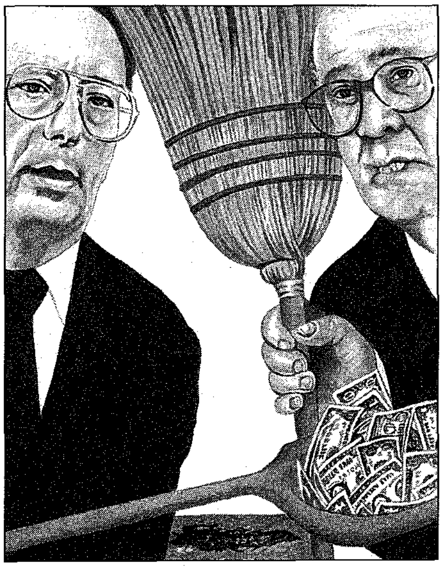
NEW YORK

IN THE New York papers, the Senate race between Republican incumbent Alfonse D'Amato and Democratic state Attorney General Robert Abrams has played as if it were the latest New York Story, gritty as a sex crime or a race riot, though in the rare moments when principals and spectators wipe their hands of mud, they also describe it as a classic Left–Right clash: "You want polar extremes, you couldn't have a better example," as Abrams puts it.

You could, actually. For if the big story about Al D'Amato and grime is how little grime has stuck to him, the bigger story about D'Amato is what kind of conservative he is.

D'Amato won his first Senate race in 1980, a year when it seemed as if the Republican Party could win with anyone. D'Amato was anyone: a Long Island politician who defeated the ailing incumbent Jacob Javits in the Republican primary, then squeaked to victory in a three-way race in November against Democrat Elizabeth Holtzman and Javits on the Liberal line. But D'Amato proved to be an industrious officeholder, attentive to his constituents' needs. If you wanted a lecture on immigration policy, you went to Pat Moynihan's office. If you wanted a green card, you went to D'Amato's. In 1986, D'Amato won with a margin of over 650,000 votes.

Were his attentions always ethical? In the summer of 1989, Mark Green, the rather pompous young man whom D'Amato had buried three years earlier, filed a complaint with the Senate ethics committee, alleging 16 counts of misconduct. Among other things, Green accused D'Amato of pulling strings at the Department of Housing and Urban Development for campaign contributors from Puerto Rico, and of steering business to a Long Island defense contractor, Unisys, in return for more campaign boodle. The ethics-committee probe dragged on for 19 months. (In fairness, they also had the Keating Five to look into.) Along the way, *60 Minutes* served up all the charges in an odorous casserole, throwing in ex-mobster and canary Henry Hill for good measure. "He could be reached," Hill said of D'Amato, ominously.


Bonnie Gardner

D'Amato's woes attracted a field of eager Democrats: Elizabeth Holtzman, seeking a rematch; Robert Abrams; and the Woman of Last Year, Geraldine Ferraro. Their hopes were dampened in the summer of 1991 when the ethics committee cleared D'Amato on all counts; Senator Warren Rudman, the committee's vice chairman, called most of the charges "absolutely frivolous." The committee rapped D'Amato, however, for running his office "in an improper and inappropriate manner" (D'Amato's brother, Armand, had sent two letters to the Pentagon, over the senator's signature, on behalf of Unisys), and it reserved the right to revisit the Puerto Rican charges if and when witnesses stopped taking the Fifth. "Momma's prayers have been answered," Senator D'Amato said.

The Democrats steamed along confidently—Reverend Al Sharpton threw his wave into the ring early this year—with Mrs. Ferraro far in the lead. On the face of it, the former representative was not the ideal person to take the moral high road against a rival who had been entangled in ethics charges, but no one seemed to think of the fact until a month before the primary, when *The Village Voice* and Miss Holtzman unleashed a terrific assault. Back it all came: the mob ties spanning three generations; the gambling den, the Mafia clubhouse, and the porn distributor leasing space in her husband's buildings; the tax returns guarded like state secrets. When Democrats went to the polls in September, they gave Abrams the nod.

This was not necessarily bad news for D'Amato. Mrs. Ferraro's dubious associates would have given him a boost, as would the resulting three-way race (Abrams already had the Liberal line). But Geraldine Ferraro had her strengths too. "I was always of the view that she could gather votes upstate and in the suburbs," says Conservative Party chairman Mike Long, because of a handful of semi-conservative positions like qualified support of the death penalty. "Now it's a clear-cut race."

Long has reason for his view. D'Amato is more than a statewide ward boss. He has a knack for the local issue with a socially conservative cutting edge. He called the black mobs that rampaged through Crown Heights last summer "terrorists," and he stuck up for Christopher Columbus against multicultural state education bureaucrats. He keeps an eye on the world too: he was against Saddam Hussein before Desert Storm, and Milosevic before Dubrovnik.

But it is as an expediter of favors that D'Amato built his base and may well win a third term; and the problem with his favors is not that they're illegal—since no one has credibly asserted that they are—but that they cost money. Herbert London, the man who tried to save the New York GOP from Pierre Rinfret two years ago, is

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campaigning for D'Amato's re-election. But he notes that D'Amato is up against a contradiction. "He says, 'I deliver for New York,' and 'I'm a fiscal conservative.' If he's delivering pork, he's not a fiscal conservative. If he's a fiscal conservative, then he shouldn't be delivering the pork."

Bob Abrams is a colorless and ignorant man—when he appeared before the editorial board of one New York City newspaper, he did not seem to know what the no-fly zones in Iraq were—and he is liberal on every domestic issue you can think of. In a normal year, D'Amato would eat Abrams for breakfast. But in addition to his past travails, D'Amato has the top of the ticket to contend with. The Bush campaign in the state is brain-dead, and D'Amato has been distancing himself from it since the summer.

No wonder he relies on delivering (for New Y) (the p)ork. □

Catch the Falling Pound

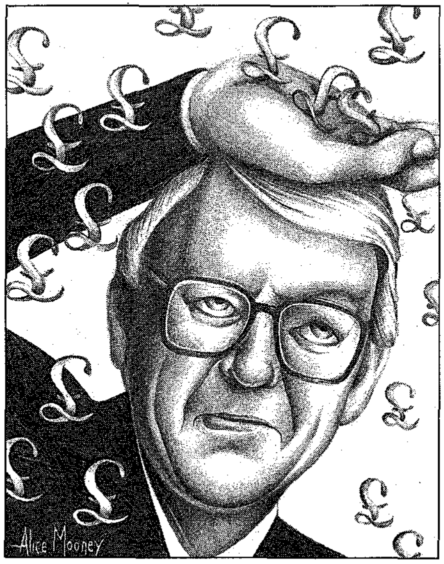
ANTHONY LEJEUNE

BRIGHTON

BERTRAND Russell, the celebrated (though often silly) British philosopher, climbed into a London taxi. "Well, Lord Russell," said the Cockney driver, who recognized him, "wot's it all abaht, then?": and, for once in his voluble life, the philosopher was reduced to silence. The same question might be asked about the present political and economic state of Britain. But there is no need of a great philosopher to explain what it's all about—although you might think there was, judging by the deliberate obscurity of much that members of the government have been saying.

The basic facts are that the government's whole economic policy collapsed when the world's money markets forced a devaluation of the pound, and that the Conservative Party is split clear down the middle about the meaning of what has happened. The devaluation of John Major, only six months after he led the Conservative Party to an against-the-odds fourth consecutive election victory, has been even more precipitous than the fall of the pound.

Today's drama has it roots in Brittain's uneasy membership in the European Community. The recession in Britain is worse than in America, worse than it need have been, because the international value of the pound was obligatorily tied to the value of the Deutsche Mark; an unrealistic parity which could be maintained only by keeping British interest rates at an economically disastrous level. The German central bank, the Bundesbank, pursued policies which were appropriate for Germany—and the British chancellor of the exchequer had to tag along. Almost everybody now says the pound went into the European Exchange-Rate Mechanism (ERM) at too high a level: Mr. Major says there is a "fault-line" in the system. The British government's position is that the pound will, in due course, go back in, at a more suitable parity, when the fault-line has been cured—if you can cure a fault-line.



Alice Mooney

However, the concept of linking a dozen currencies, which means a dozen fluctuating economies, rigidly together makes no sense, except as a preliminary move toward having a single currency for the whole area. This is precisely what the EC overlords in Brussels and the Europhiles in Britain actually and openly intend, but it would certainly be resisted, not only by the British people but by the Germans, who love the strength of their own currency. Meanwhile, Britain's massive unemployment, collapse of small businesses, and loss of homes because of the high loan rates have been caused by, or at least are widely blamed on, the ERM policy.

On "Black Wednesday," September 16, the stresses became intolerable. For a few desperate hours, Norman Lamont, the chancellor of the exchequer, actually put interest rates up still further: but the policy was unsustainable. The pound came out of the ERM altogether, and plummeted. "Happiness Is a Falling Pound," cried the *Daily Mail*'s headline. The euphoria was short-lived. A weak currency is not really a favorable symptom. The only desirable thing about linking the pound to the Mark was precisely the aspect about which some chauvinistic politicians and commentators complained—that it compelled a chronically inflation-prone Britain to go along with Germany's historically based hatred of inflation. Siren voices have been heard again in Britain urging that a little inflation is good for the economy and certainly better than the rigors of trying to prevent it. Mr. Major and Mr. Lamont still say that squeezing inflation remains their top priority, but confidence in this assertion, as in so much else that they have said, is badly damaged.

Black Wednesday released a flood of anti-German feeling in Britain. It was quite like old times. The German ambassador, the very correct and pro-British Baron von Richthofen, a great-nephew of the World War I flying ace, was humiliatingly summoned to the Foreign Office and required to explain why a confidential Bundesbank memorandum, which contradicted some of Mr. Lamont's statements, had been released to the press. Mr. Lamont apologized, and then denied apologizing, for being beastly about the Germans. The Bundesbank rejected any blame for Britain's plight. The newspaper *Bild* gloated: "Currency Slaughter. The British pound, once worth 12 Marks, slumped to 2.63 Marks. You beautiful strong Mark! You are making our lives cheaper! Handbags from Florence, insurance from London, leather jackets from Seville. Germans can pick what we want from the European supermarket . . ."

The British press, meanwhile, called almost unanimously for Mr. Lamont's

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Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s longtime London correspondent.*

resignation, arguing that the fresh policies which were needed must have a fresh minister to pursue them. John Major has, so far, stubbornly defended Lamont on the perfectly true grounds that the chancellor had only been implementing the policies of the prime minister. It may be that Lamont will eventually have to go; which would, in turn, cast doubt on John Major's future. Norman Tebbitt, a former chairman of the Conservative Party, who is a Thatcherite and a Euroskeptic, observed dryly that Major had once described himself as a great admirer of Br'er Rabbit, who, when he didn't know which way to move, hid under a lettuce leaf until he could make up his mind. (He meant Peter Rabbit, but this is not a very literate government.) A speech of silken ferocity by Lord Tebbitt was the high-point of the Conservative Party conference here in Brighton. The cheers and counter-cheers showed how deeply the party is split.

Mr. Major's own speech, predictably, went down well. A master of rhetoric he's not: but he was adroit enough to include as many verbal sops as he could for the Euroskeptics: and a Conservative Party conference which did not end with a wildly enthusiastic standing ovation for the leader would indeed suggest doomsday was at hand. Whether he can preserve this degree of loyalist unanimity at his back when he resumes his Europhilic role, presiding over the forthcoming EC meeting in Britain, remains to be seen.

The entire country, not just the Conservative Party, is divided: but unlike the French, not exactly down the middle. The fault-line is not really in the ERM. It is between politicians and people. Prime Minister Major is apparently determined, from a mixture of obstinacy and pride, to push ratification of Maastricht through the House of Commons, which he can probably achieve with the help of the Labour Party. The party managers will be twisting arms in a very ugly fashion. Neither party will allow its members a free vote in Parliament, and both have rejected calls for a referendum on Maastricht—which the polls have shown to be overwhelmingly desired by the British people.

The arguments against a referendum have been intellectually squalid in the extreme—that a referendum would detract from the sovereignty of Parliment (but what, in heaven's name, does Maastricht do?) and that last spring's election victory gave the government a mandate for Maastricht (but Europe was hardly mentioned in the campaign, because all the main parties were officially Europhile). The real reason why party leaders will not contemplate a referendum is that they know what the answer would be—a resounding "No."

It is a most extraordinary situation. The majority of the British people, who are Euroskeptical, have nowhere to turn. If John Major's government were to fall, it would be replaced by a Labour government with even more damaging economic policies—one which would make Maastricht even more centralist and collectivist. What has happened in Britain is that long-suppressed feelings have burst through the carefully constructed boundaries which marginalized them. This is the kind of political watershed which appears only once or twice a century. As Conservatives on both sides of the debate have warned, such divisions can break parties and drive them into the wilderness. But to check the flow now may prove beyond John Major's limited capacity. Margaret Thatcher is entitled to smile grimly, though she would be wise not to do so in public. She doesn't need to say a word: but she doubtless will. □

The Next Bill Proxmire?

CHARLES J. SYKES

Jennifer Lawson

MILWAUKEE

IF WISCONSIN's Senate campaign is decided on the basis of personality, Democrat Russ Feingold will be the state's newest senator. If it is decided on the basis of issues, Republican incumbent Bob Kasten still has a shot.

Feingold began October well ahead of Kasten in the polls, largely on the basis of his whimsical ads that propelled him to a stunning September primary upset over two better-known and better-funded candidates. Only weeks before the primary, Feingold's support was still in single digits. On primary day, the underdog pulled a staggering 70 per cent of the vote.

Although Feingold's rise was based on a campaign remarkably devoid of substance, few contests offer such sharp ideological contrasts. Even by the progressive standards of Wisconsin Democrats, Feingold is an unreconstructed Sixties throwback, with an affinity for tax hikes, increased regulation, income redistribution, and eccentricity in foreign policy.

The centerpiece of his campaign is an 82-point economic plan that calls for $323 billion in tax hikes and massive cuts in defense spending. His television ads openly tout his opposition to a balanced-budget amendment, term limits, and a middle-class tax cut. He supports a national health plan in which the Federal Government would pay all medical bills.

His record as a state senator over the last decade is a mosaic of political correctness. He opposed legislation requiring teens to get their parents' consent before getting an abortion; opposed all forms of school choice (even among public schools); opposed state enterprise zones; and voted against Governor Tommy Thompson's workfare plan. Feingold also opposed efforts to combat welfare fraud by verification of income and assets.

Where Feingold has been a paleoliberal, Kasten has proved to be one of

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the Senate's more creative members. He has also been an unusually savvy politician, surviving, for example, the 1986 bloodletting among GOP senators. This year, he has deftly distanced himself from President Bush's 1990 tax deal and has openly aligned himself with the Kemp–Gingrich wing of the party. He favors school choice, a balanced-budget amendment, term limits, and across-the-board tax cuts, like the ones that have helped spare Wisconsin from the recession's worst ravages.

None of this, however, may matter.

On television, Feingold is appealing; even when he is calling for new taxes he is boyishly disarming. His campaign has relied on light-hearted home movies that portray the candidate as a down-to-earth, almost Capra-esque character—the sort of outsider who appeals to Wisconsin's independent streak.

Wisconsin has a long tradition of embracing political figures who might have been regarded elsewhere as eccentrics—from Fighting Bob La Follette to Joe McCarthy to Bill Proxmire. "Russ Feingold could very easily be the next Bill Proxmire; he could become a Wisconsin institution," says James Miller, president of the Wisconsin Policy Research Institute. "He's touched a nerve in this state and people really like him. It's not a question of ideology. It's just a strange mixture of style and culture where people arrive at a decision they really like a person."

Kasten's campaign does not underestimate the potency of Feingold's appeal. "If this race is about the issues, we win," says Kasten campaign chairman Richard Graber. "If it's about who has the cutest ads and who looks better on television . . . we lose."

Kasten is a veteran of tough contests (he has never won more than 51 per cent of the vote), and he has not been afraid to take the campaign into Feingold's territory. Kasten's first post-primary television commercial was a take-off on one of Feingold's ads featuring an Elvis endorsement. In Kasten's spot, the King appears discussing Feingold's tax proposals, which, he says, leave him "all shook up." More seriously, Kasten has detailed the price tag for Feingold's taxes on average taxpayers.

For the balance of the campaign, Kasten will be trying to introduce the voters to a Russ Feingold they don't see in the television ads. Despite his endearing media persona, Feingold's penchant for grandstanding and moralizing has made him singularly unpopular among his fellow legislators. One calls him "an articulate whiner" and tells of the time he stormed out of the Democratic caucus because he didn't like the idea of cutting taxes. "He is like a petulant little kid," says another Democratic state senator.

He has often found himself isolated at the far end of the political spectrum. When, for example, the State Senate considered a bill that gave judges more latitude in delaying the release of convicted murderers, Feingold was one of only three senators to vote against it.

Perhaps most revealing of all was Feingold's shrill opposition to the Persian Gulf War. In the midst of the allied air strikes, Feingold sponsored a resolution calling for unilateral withdrawal. Reflecting a virulent anti-Americanism seldom seen in the halls of state government, his resolution declared that "U.S. military plans may include the indiscriminate slaughter of civilians," and resolved that "U.S. forces begin to withdraw from the Persian Gulf area immediately until their strength and numbers reach their level in the region *prior to the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait*." [Emphasis added.] Presented forcefully, such tidbits from Feingold's record may cool the voters' ardor.

If, however, Robert Kasten can't pull it off, then, come January, Paul Wellstone of neighboring Minnesota will have company in the Senate's wacky-left caucus, and Wisconsin will have six years to repent its momentary infatuation. □

Poland's Erhard?

RADEK SIKORSKI

DWOR CHOBIELIN, POLAND

HOW TO transform a Communist command economy into a normal economy—that is the most urgent practical question facing a quarter of humanity for the rest of this century. The Chinese are doing it without relaxing the Communist Party's political grip. The rest of the former Communist bloc are trying to sort out their economies amid political turmoil. Poland led the way when Ceausescu was still in power and the Soviet Union still extant. Although Poland seems to be heading onto a new, less promising course (see "My Hundred Days," *NR*, July 20), we can assess the results of the first three years.

When Tadeusz Mazowiecki, Poland's first post-Communist prime minister, offered Leszek Balcerowicz the post of finance minister in late 1989, he asked him "to be my Erhard"—as in Ludwig Erhard, father of the German economic miracle in the 1950s. Did Balcerowicz meet this challenge? Did his cavalry-charge approach work?

In Poland itself, Balcerowicz's name arouses extraordinary passions. He has been named Man of the Year and mentioned as a candidate for the Nobel Prize in economics. He has also been called the "Dr. Mengele of economics" and an "economic mass murderer." Communist MPs went so far as to drag him before a State Tribunal, on spurious corruption charges. Yet part of the nationalist right wing made him their main whipping boy in the 1991 general election. Market research showed that peasants (who have been among the hardest hit by the economic restrictions) believe him to be the devil incarnate, combining "evil, perfection, power, and otherworldliness."

Given the amount of political mudslinging, it is no surprise that the facts have become obscured. When Balcerowicz arrived, inflation ran at 40 per cent *per month*, shops were empty, the *zloty* was virtually worthless, and the entire economy, from butchers' shops to coal mines, was owned by the state. Poland's debt, both external and internal, had been unserviced for years. There was no stock market, no income tax, and no proper central bank. The budget deficit was exploding out of control. On top of these appalling internal conditions, Balcerowicz's team also had to face three external shocks, each one

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Mr. Sikorski is Poland's former deputy minister of defense.

capable of shaking a normal economy, let alone a post-Communist one: the collapse of the Soviet market, the collapse of the East German market, and the surge of oil prices in the wake of the Gulf War and the dissolution of Comecon.

Therapy was to proceed in two stages. Hyperinflation would be controlled by means of interest rates briefly at 45 per cent per month, drastic cuts in subsidies, and a special tax on wage rises. The *zloty* was devalued and made internally convertible. Retail trade and services were privatized through mass auctions of shop space. Tariffs were cut and hundreds of Communist obstacles to enterprise were dismantled at a stroke.

Within weeks Polish shops filled up with both domestic and foreign produce for the first time in decades. However, production fell rapidly, incomes dropped, and unemployment appeared for the first time.

In the second stage, the market transformation was to go deeper. Almost normal banking, stock market, and fiscal institutions appeared. In many areas competition was injected by smashing up monopolies. Health insurance and pensions were to be privatized and dinosaur state companies were to be sold off or liquidated. It was during this phase that Poland got stuck. But Balcerowicz's vision of the end of the road was always soundly Reaganite/Thatcherite; no musings here about third ways.

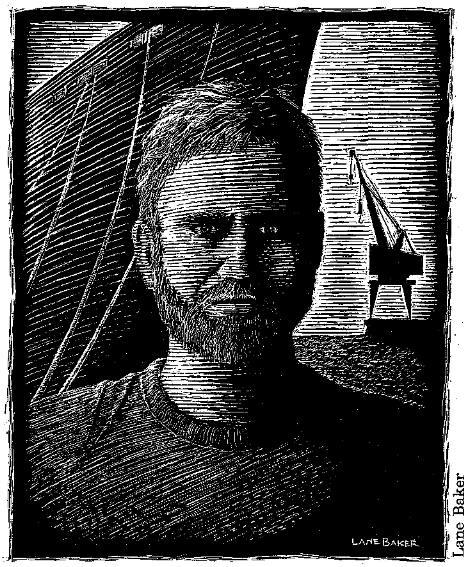
It was also at this stage that Balcerowicz's fiercest critics appeared, already divided clearly into two groups. The troglodytes were, and still are, more vocal and more numerous. Such people rarely understand what they are criticizing; certainly they do not know the alternatives. Typically, a troglodyte will demand that interest rates be lowered to single figures, even while inflation remains well above 30 per cent. Or, he might call for wages to be doubled, as a cure for recession. In his new book *Eight Hundred Days—A Controlled Shock* (not yet published outside Poland), Balcerowicz includes letters written to him under the influence of such critics. They give a hilarious insight into the disturbed mind of a post-Communist society:

"Dear Mr. Minister,

"Do you realize, sir, that your financial policy has led people, peasants, and other workers to suicide? What kind of Catholic are you?"

He also includes a selection of critical articles and statements, some by supposedly responsible politicians and leading experts. Their comments are getting funnier with time: "To give Balcerowicz special powers is like giving a razor to a monkey and telling him to shave."

Yet there were intelligent criticisms as well. Most complained that, yes, macroeconomic stabilization had been achieved, but that was the easy part. When it came to the micro level, Balcerowicz did not know how to deal with the managers of state enterprises who, instead of cutting costs, researching their markets, and fighting for customers, preferred to try to use their political muscle to gain preferential treatment. In other words, the criticism is not that Balcerowicz was too radical, but that the revolution did not go far enough.



Lane Baker

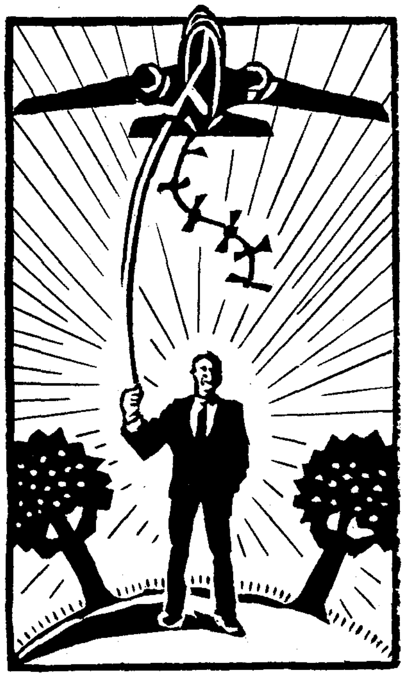
To this, Balcerowicz says *mea culpa*—but, he adds, no more could humanly have been done. The state apparatus was too weak to proceed faster, the politics too unstable, the habits of forty years of folly too ingrained. Having myself worked inside a post-Communist bureaucracy, I can vouch that this problem is genuine.

All in all, can shock therapy be recommended? Today Poland is still a poor country, but it is no longer an abnormal one. It is a normal country with severe problems, which look less and less insurmountable. Inflation is still too high, but the recession has leveled off. Budgetary strains are severe but comparable to Italy's. Unemployment is still rising but, at just above 10 per cent, it is similar to France's and half what Spain went through before the current boom. Balance of trade is healthy, incomes inch upward, and every month a new office block rises on the Warsaw skyline. Even the long-promised cellular phones have finally arrived. The *zloty* stays firm and is about to be deprived of a few zeroes, which undeservedly still give it the reputation of funny money. Russians and Ukrainians who come to Poland as guest workers call it "almost America." But perhaps the indicator that Balcerowicz himself would be most proud of is that today, less than three years since his zero hour, almost half of the Polish workforce already have jobs in the private sector.

With hindsight we see that it was a mistake for the Mazowiecki government to decline the decree-making powers which were on offer in 1989. Dozens of vital bills which still await approval in parliamentary commissions would by now have borne economic fruit. In other words, what failed was not the program but the politics around it. Understandably, Balcerowicz likes to cite Mrs. Thatcher, who said during a recent visit to Poland that she could not have succeeded with her less drastic operation in Britain without a firm parliamentary mandate.

Balcerowicz has three main pieces of advice to other would-be reformers. First, do not imagine that a post-Communist bureaucracy is like a normal bureaucracy. It will respond far more sluggishly. Second, remember that state enterprises minimize effort and maximize wages rather than profits, so privatize them fast even if you make mistakes on the way. Third, sort out your politics before you tamper with the economy. You need a few years before the rewards start to outweigh the pain of transition.

Had Balcerowicz had Erhard's assets—stable politics, a predominantly private industry, a Marshall Plan, and a population accustomed to capitalism—he would have triumphed. Even so—and may this be a consolation for years of vilification—the next time a reformist prime minister anywhere in the East asks a precocious economist to be his finance minister, he is likely to ask the man not to be his Erhard, but to be his Balcerowicz. ☐



What Hath Kahn Wrought?

DEREGULATION: FINISHING THE JOB

Fourteen years after airline deregulation began,
it has more critics than supporters.
But the answer is not to abandon it,
but to finish what Congress and Alfred Kahn started.

ROBERT W. POOLE JR.

WITH THREE airline failures last year (Eastern, Midway, and Pan American) and record-high losses, the airlines have been singing the blues. And critics of airline deregulation now span the spectrum, from Left to Right.

Neo-liberal Larry Eichel, in *The Washington Monthly*, characterized deregulation as "high prices, old planes, bad maintenance, and layovers in Newark." Robert Kuttner has called for re-regulation in *The New Republic* ("The turbulence of a free market has produced precisely the reconcentration and gouging that skeptics predicted"), as has Hobart Rowen in the *Washington Post*. Even William F. Buckley Jr. has expressed concern about high fares and diminishing competition.

What's really going on here? Have we free-marketeers deluded ourselves? Are we really better off today than if old-style regulation had continued?

Farewell to the CAB

THE AIRLINE Deregulation Act of 1978 abolished the Civil Aeronautics Board and its controls over pricing and entry into various airline routes. The CAB had been created during the Depression as a bailout for the airlines. Essentially, like many other Roosevelt programs, its purpose was to cartelize the industry. The basic idea was that air travel is a public utility and should be regulated like one. Government should decide, in the "public interest," how much air service is needed between points A and B, and which airline or airlines are best qualified to provide it. Profits from busy routes should be used to subsidize service to low-traffic routes.

Under this system a relatively stable, non-competitive airline industry evolved, and along with it powerful unions. Labor disputes sometimes led to strikes, but usually wage demands were accepted and used to justify CAB-ordered fare increases (much as happens with today's government-run mass-transit systems). Competition was limited to amenities like meal service—there was no such thing as price competition.

In the 1960s a different kind of airline market emerged in California (and, to some extent, in Texas). Under more permissive state regulation, real competition existed, notably in the form of California's legendary Pacific Southwest Airlines (PSA). Fares per mile between Los Angeles and San Francisco were only half as much as CAB-regulated fares between New York and Washington. A consensus evolved among economists that the airline business is not a public utility, but—in principle—a competitive industry.

In the mid 1970s, President Ford appointed reformers to the CAB, and they began some limited market-opening measures. In 1976 Senator Edward Kennedy held landmark hearings presenting deregulation as a consumer issue. President Carter appointed economist Alfred Kahn to head the CAB in 1977, and the agency further stretched the boundaries of regulation and produed staff studies favorable to more complete deregulation. The end result was the 1978 deregulation legislation. Originally intended to codify what the CAB had been doing, it included almost as an accident a sunset clause terminating the agency after six years. Thus, in 1985 the CAB quietly went out of existence—the only major regulatory agency (thus far) to be so terminated.

The unleashing of competition caused a huge increase

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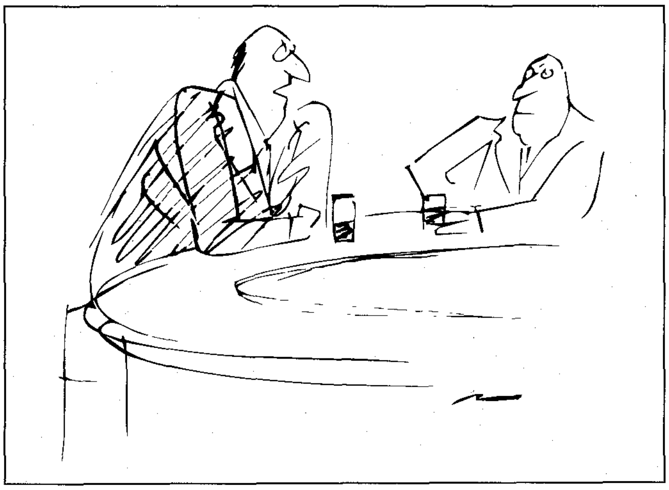
ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HART

in air travel. As recently as 1971, only 50 per cent of the adult population had ever flown on a commercial airline; today that figure is over 75 per cent. Some 240 million passengers flew in 1978; a decade later, the total had risen to 450 million. Airlines displaced interstate buses as the mass-market mode of choice, leading to the bankruptcy of Greyhound and Trailways.

This expanded market was brought about by price competition. According to both think-tank and Department of Transportation studies, real air fares today are 20 per cent lower than in 1978. To be sure, undiscounted coach fares today are high—but hardly anyone actually pays those fares. In 1978, after three years of CAB liberalization, half of all passsengers got discounts. Today, more than nine out of ten do so. The most comprehensive and widely accepted study of the effects of deregulation, by Stephen Morrison and Clifford Winston of the Brookings Institution, estimates the savings to air travelers to be $10 billion per year.

Deregulation also led to widespread adoption of a major efficiency-enhancer: the hub & spoke system. By routing passengers from many smaller origins to a central point, an airline can send them to numerous destinations using only a modest number of planes. For example, an airline wishing to provide service between every possible pair of a set of 30 cities would need 870 flights a day (requiring several hundred planes) if each pair were to get a direct, non-stop daily flight. But that same amount of service can be provided via a hub using only 30 planes. Hub & spoke routings lead to greater utilization of planes (in terms of productive flying hours per day) and higher load factors (the fraction of seats filled on the average flight). As a result, airlines are one of the few service businesses to show significant productivity gains during the past decade.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"Yes, I would accept an offer I couldn't refuse."

Unions have opposed deregulation all along, because competition has forced wage demands to be moderated. Labor costs have dropped from 42 per cent of operating costs to just 34 per cent, and revenue per employee has increased. Yet these productivity gains did not come about by slashing jobs; the airline workforce expanded by 25 per cent (100,000 jobs) during deregulation's first decade, as the air-travel market expanded.

Passengers have benefited from more than just lower fares. A 1990 DOT study found that passengers have more choices of airlines than before deregulation. By 1988 more than 55 per cent of passengers could choose from three or more airlines for their trip; in 1978, only 28 per cent had had that much choice. And despite the growth of hub & spoke operations, nonstop service has also increased. A recent MIT study of 500 randomly selected routes between the 100 busiest airports found that in 1977, nonstop service was available on just 17 per cent of those routes. By 1989, that figure had nearly doubled, to 27 per cent. The sheer growth in volume has led to more nonstop service, despite the major expansion of airline hubs.

Meanwhile, on the Ground

STILL, several problems are evident, mainly because Congress did not finish the job. It unleashed competition among the airlines, leading to greatly increased demand. But it left unchanged the two major infrastructure components of the system—the airports and air-traffic control (ATC). The large increase in flight activity has not been matched by comparable increases in the capacity of either of these components. So one result has been constant delays. The DOT estimates that these delays (typically 1,000 or more flights per day are delayed 15 minutes or more) cost airlines and passengers some $5 billion per year, wiping out about half of the savings in air fares.

Another concern is safety. On the one hand, statistics show that air travel is safer than ever. Since 1938 there have only been five years with no airline fatalities; four of them have occurred since deregulation. Fatalities per billion passenger miles averaged 2.44 during 1961–77; during 1978–90 they averaged just 0.48. MIT economist Nancy Rose analyzed accidents per million *departures* (since accidents are more a function of the number of takeoffs and landings than of miles flown), and found no statistical impact of deregulation. In addition, Morrison and Winston at Brookings found that airline insurance rates are 22 per cent lower than they would have been without deregulation.

On the other hand, there is growing concern that the margins of safety are being stretched ever thinner, primarily because of the continued obsolescence of much of the ATC system. The Federal Aviation Administration, which operates the system, is a large and unwieldy government bureaucracy. Unlike a dynamic, high-tech service business, it is constrained by civil-service rules and red tape. Its funds must be appropriated by Congress each year. As a result, the ATC system has too few fully trained people, many of them in the wrong place. It has obsolete computers and radar systems, some of which have been implicated in crashes (e.g., the collision of a USAir 737 and a commuter plane at LAX in February 1991). Near collisions occur at alarming rates.

A third problem is the growing concentration of the airline industry, with the result being reduced competition and potentially higher prices. Just two years ago, the Big Three airlines (American, Delta, and United) held 50 per cent of the market; by the end of this year, they are expected to hold 62.5 per cent. Three airlines are currently operating under Chapter XI bankruptcy—America West, Continental, and TWA. If one or more of them folds (as could well occur), concentration will be further intensified.

Still, as noted previously, people generally have more choices than in CAB days. More troubling is the concentration at specific hub airports. Fifteen hubs are dominated by one or two airlines—USAir at Pittsburgh, Northwest at Minneapolis/St. Paul, TWA at St. Louis. And a General Accounting Office study found that fares are between 15 and 27 per cent higher for flights originating at these hubs than for comparable flights at 38 unconcentrated airports.

Hanging On

AIRPORTS are owned and operated mostly by municipal governments. They are run on a break-even basis, with a surprising degree of control in the hands of the airlines. Before deregulation, cities needed to lock in airline tenants with long-term leases, so that they would have a guaranteed source of revenue to make payments on airport bonds. In those days, if you lost an airline tenant, it might take years before the CAB got around to authorizing a replacement. In exchange for agreeing to thirty- or forty-year leases, the airlines demanded such things as veto power over terminal expansion (which might accomodate new-entrant competitors). What about the antitrust laws? They are irrelevant, because municipal enterprises are exempt.

Today when airlines can expand or contract service at will, such long-term leases (and their quid-pro-quos) are an anachronism. But all too many airlines and airport operators are comfortable with the old, established ways of doing business. The idea of an aggressive, for-profit airport company that would keep control of all gates and allocate them based on day-by-day (or hour-by-hour) demand is unthinkable to many in the industry. Yet that would be the key to preventing the anti-competitive features of hub operations.

The other scarce resource that is critical for competitive entry is landing slots. Today, at crowded airports, the FAA arbitrarily allocates a certain fraction of landing capacity to regular airlines, another fraction to commuter airlines, and the rest to private planes. And landing fees, by a tradition that is enforced as law by the FAA, are based not on market value but on the weight of the aircraft. Thus, a 4-passenger Piper Cub landing at the busiest hour of the day at Chicago O'Hare will pay a tiny fraction of the amount of a 375-passenger Boeing 747, even though the small plane may use the same (or more) runway time. This is hardly the brightest way to use a scarce resource.

Airport capacity is also affected by technology. Today, FAA rules require that parallel runways used for simultaneous instrument landings be at least 4,300 feet apart. Newer ("quick-scan") radar technology enables safe operation on runways as close as 2,500 feet, which would permit many airports to increase capacity by adding a new runway. But such radars are provided via federal grants, which can take as long as eight years to obtain. If airports were responsible for thier own air-traffic-control operations (as are airports in the UK and New Zealand), they could invest in such improved technology much sooner.

Similarly, capacity at many of our busiest airports (LaGuardia, O'Hare, LAX) is limited by a shortage of fully qualified people in the control towers. Though physically part of the airport, the tower is operated and staffed by the FAA, and is subject to all the shortcomings of its civil-service system. It is difficult to attract enough controllers to high-cost-of-living cities like New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, and the FAA seems incapable of solving the problem.

What would solve this and other airport problems would be to privatize airports—convert them into privately owned, for-profit corporations. The British have privatized their major airports, with excellent results. Heathrow and Gatwick charge market prices for landing, retain control of all gates, and invest substantially in increased capacity. The privatized company, BAA, is even planning to construct a high-speed rail line between Heathrow and central London, promising a transit time of just 15 minutes. Austria, Denmark, New Zealand, and a number of other countries are planning to privatize their airports, as well.

Here at home, despite strong airline opposition, airport privatization is picking up steam. President Bush's April 30, 1992, Executive Order on Infrastructure Privatization directed federal agencies (including the FAA) to realign their policies to support requests by state and local governments to privatize their airports, bridges, highways, water systems, etc. Among the cities where public officials have expressed interest in privatization are Baltimore, Boston, Indianapolis, Los Angeles, New York, Peoria, and Palm Beach. The issue is front-and-center in Los Angeles, where the City Council has placed on the November ballot a charter amendment remove local barriers to the sale or lease of LAX.

Current plans for airport privatization don't include shifting the control tower and radars from FAA to airport responsibility. But the ATC problem is the other major infrastructural problem that needs to be fixed. The ATC system should be spun off from the FAA and turned into a user-funded corporation. As a monopoly, it would be either non-profit and user-owned, or for-profit and federally regulated, so as to prevent abuse of its monopoly status. Direct user fees would provide the funds needed for modernization, and would also permit the issuance of bonds for major capital programs. Private ownership would replace civil-service rules with modern, productivity-oriented personnel management.

Several countries are heading in this direction. New Zealand corporatized its ATC system in 1987, converting it entirely to user fees instead of tax funding. Airways Corporation of New Zealand is profitable, and will probably be privatized within the next few years. SwissControl, created in 1988, has airlines and airports as minority shareholders. Last fall the

Transport Association urged the Canadian government to corporatize that country's ATC system. And early

Quayle's Hush-Hushed Council

PRESIDENT Bush established the Council on Competitiveness, chaired by Vice President Quayle, to continue the deregulatory efforts of the Reagan Administration. One of the Council's first goals was to assess the effects of deregulation. A paper was drafted early in 1991, and was positioned to become a key element of the Administration's economic agenda.

Instead, its release was delayed almost 18 months, while the paper underwent substantial bureaucratic tinkering. "A lot of the substance discussing a future course of action seems to have been stricken," notes Jim Tozzi, formerly of the Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs. For instance, several paragraphs discussing the possibility of replacing federal deposit insurance with a private system were reduced to the line, "Perhaps some combination of public and private insurance, or even purely private insurance, would overcome the shortcomings of purely public insurance systems."

By the time of its final release, on September 8, little enthusiasm for its contents remained. Never has a major policy report by key Administration officials—the Council includes half a dozen members of the Cabinet—received so little notice. A Nexis search two weeks after its release found only one citation, and that in an obscure trade publication.

At least part of the reason is the lukewarm attitude of many Administration officials. Few on the Bush-Quayle re-election team, particularly those brought in by Chief of Staff James Baker, see deregulation as a viable election issue. This should not be surprising. Regulatory policy is hardly viewed as a hot issue like taxes. "It takes more than a soundbite to define what's happening in a deregulatory effort," says David McIntosh, the Council's executive director. "We have to do a better job of explaining to people that deregulation means more jobs and lower prices." The Council's report does just that.

Unfortunately, the Administration has increased regulation rather than reducing it. The number of pages in the *Federal Register* reached its third highest total ever in 1991; federal spending on regulatory activities was 20 per cent above the last year of the Carter Administration; and there are more regulatory bureaucrats—over 122,000—than ever before.

Because regulation acts as a "hidden tax," the regulatory expansion of the past four years has unquestionably contributed to the current economic malaise, just as deregulation contributed to the economic expansion of the 1980s. This is the clear lesson contained in the Council's review of past deregulatory efforts.

Take oil deregulation. Economic interventionists, such as Senator Howard Metzenbaum, feared deregulation would lead to gasoline prices as high as $2 per gallon. The result was quite the opposite. President Reagan signed Executive Order 12287 in January 1981, completely deregulating prices of crude oil and other petroleum products. The result was a precipitous drop in oil prices. Today the average motorist spends $300 less on gasoline each year than he did in 1979. Moreover, as the Council report notes, "no discussion of the benefits of deregulation is complete without noting that Executive Order 12287 cut DOE's regulation budget from $155 million in 1981 to $52 million a year later, and reduced the number of individuals engaged in oil-regulatory activities from 2,000 to 200."

Deregulation of the trucking industry, meanwhile, paved the way for 494,000 new jobs and 30,000 new registered carriers between 1980 and 1992. Since 1979, the cost of air travel has declined by more than 20 per cent. Average expenditures for long-distance telephone service have declined over 40 per cent since 1983.

In his State of the Union Address, President Bush cited the importance of reducing red tape in spurring economic growth. Bush's speech proclaimed that "regulatory overkill must be stopped." Mr. Bush himself, as Vice President, was chairman of President Reagan's Task Force on Regulatory Relief.

Yet, even if he remembers the anti-regulatory work he did in the 1980s, it is clear that much of his staff has little enthusiasm for such efforts. Richard Darman clearly sees no political benefits to deregulation. And Darman's associate director for Natural Resources, Energy and Science, Robert Grady, is actively hostile. "He treats all regulatory decisions as political deals. He doesn't realize that these decisions have economic consequences," says one Administration economist. Grady reportedly orchestrated the Administration's recent flip-flop on an important revision to hazardous-waste regulations that had been ordered by the U.S. Court of Appeals. In addition, insiders believe that Grady was the force behind delaying a proposed executive order that would have required that all regulations governing risks posed by potentially toxic chemicals be based on a standardized scientific risk assessment procedure.

In such a political environment, the outlook for a renewed deregulatory effort in a second term is bleak. Although McIntosh, vice-presidential Chief of Staff William Kristol, and a few others may be committed to pursuing such an agenda, there will be plenty of opposition. Unfortunately, it seems that President Bush is intent upon casting his lot with the same advisors that brought him the 1990 budget deal and much of his existing electoral trouble. The signal is that the President still hasn't learned.

—JONATHAN H. ADLER

Mr. Adler is a policy analyst at the Competitive Enterprise Institute.

this year, the German parliament passed a measure to privatize the German ATC system as of January 1, 1993. In addition, the Association of European Airlines has recommended the creation of a Europe-wide corporate entity, funded by user fees, to take over and modernize Europe's balkanized ATC system.

In this country, the Air Transport Association recommended corporatizing our ATC system back in 1985, but backed off after strong objections from private pilots (who don't want to pay user fees). A major Transportation Research Board/National Research Council study on the effects of airline deregulation, titled *Winds of Change*, last summer resurrected the idea, on the grounds that modernizing ATC was essential to preserving the gains of airline deregulation. If Canada or the European Community heads in this direction, it would be hard for the United States to lag behind.

Importing Competition

ONE OF THE best ways to ensure continued competition would be to open U.S. airline markets to foreign competition. Financially strong European and Asian airlines are potential merger partners of ailing U.S. carriers. British Airways will provide much-needed capital for USAir, if the proposed merger is allowed to go through. Air Canada and Lufthansa are among the suitors for struggling Continental Airlines. But current federal law—on spurious national-security grounds—limits foreign ownership of airlines to 25 per cent of voting stock. Easing that restriction would revitalize the market for corporate control of airlines.

Even more dramatic would be to negotiate an end to the ban on *cabotage*. Current aviation law nowhere in the world permits an airline to provide service between two points in another country. In today's global economy, this is an anachronism, especially as the United States is pressing hard in GATT negotiations to open up competition in services.

The move toward airline liberalization in Europe offers the best opportunity to change this situation. As of next year, thanks to EC decisions reached in June, airlines from any EC member nation will be able to provide service within another member country—e.g., British Airways could take passengers from Paris to Nice. This puts U.S. airlines that serve Europe (especially our Big Three) at a real competitive disadvantage. Our trade negotiators should propose that in exchange for the EC creating a level playing field for U.S. airlines in Europe, European airlines would be permitted to offer domestic service in the United States. That would ensure continued robust competition, even if TWA, Continental, and America West all succumbed.

Congress needs to finish what it and Alfred Kahn started in 1978. Freeing up the airlines was good but not sufficient. Putting airports and air-traffic control into the marketplace, and removing the remaining barriers to competition, will finish the job. ☐

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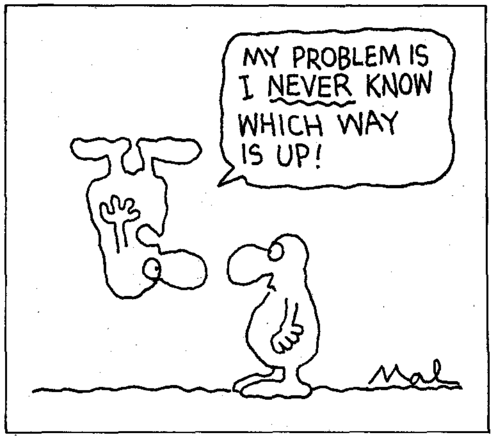
MY PROBLEM IS I NEVER KNOW WHICH WAY IS UP!
Mal

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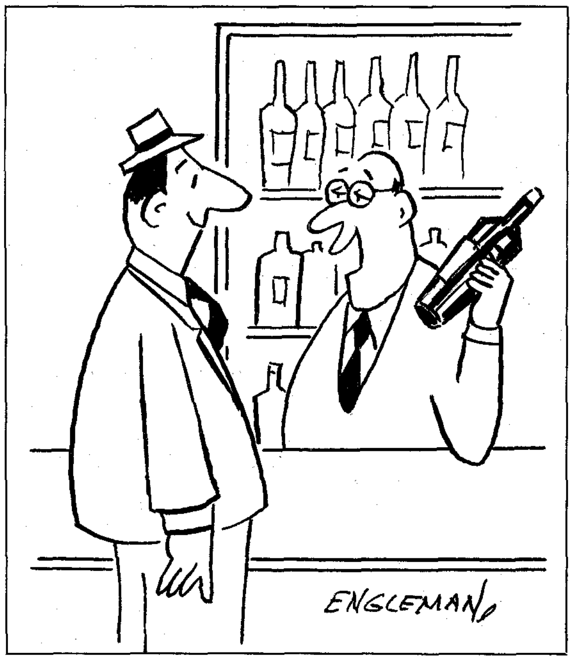
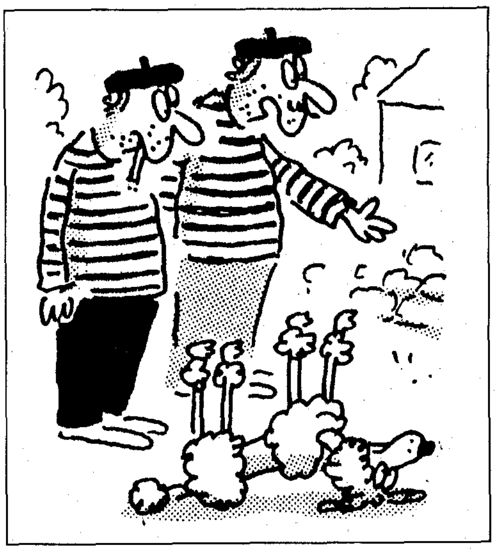


"This wine goes well with election returns."

General Powell's World View

As winter's grip assists the Serbs
Assaulting Sarajevo's burbs,
The general sits on his arms,
Though Mrs. Thatcher bangs alarms
And some alive recall the Czechs
The Nazis lusted to annex.

W. H. VON DREELE



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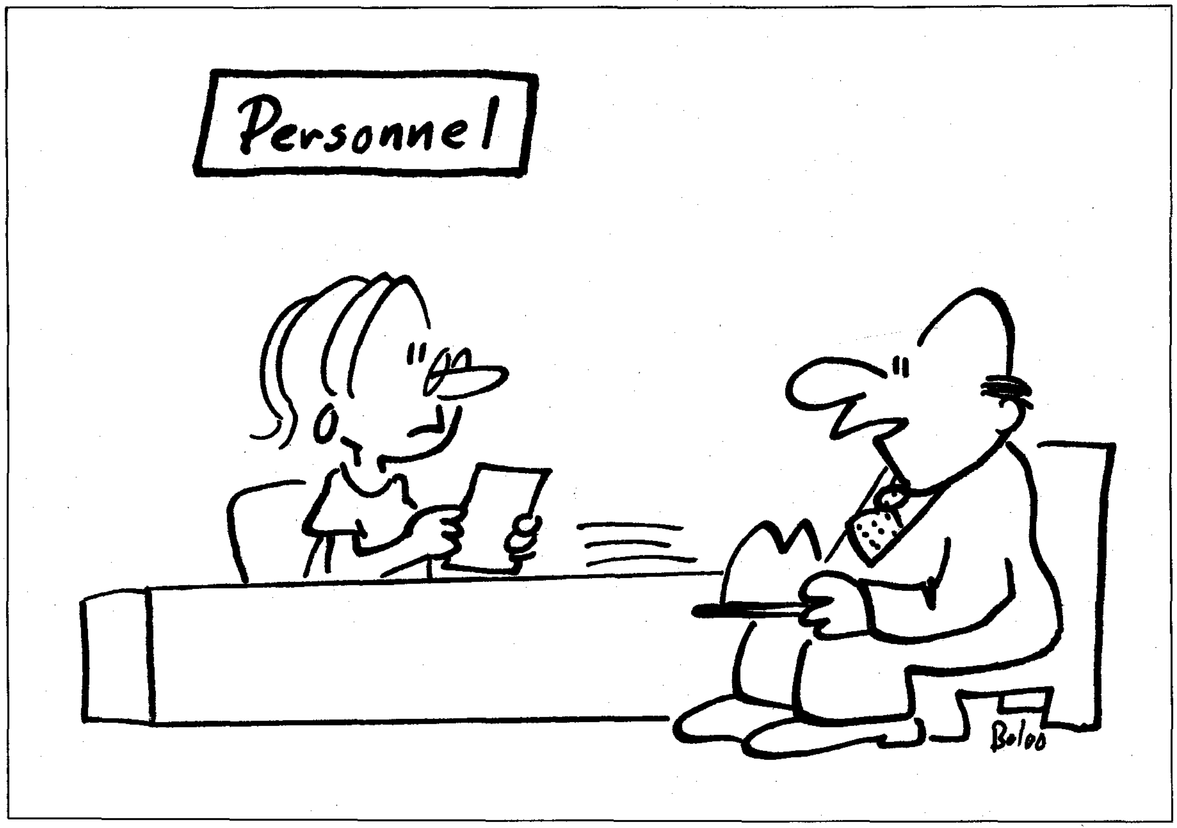
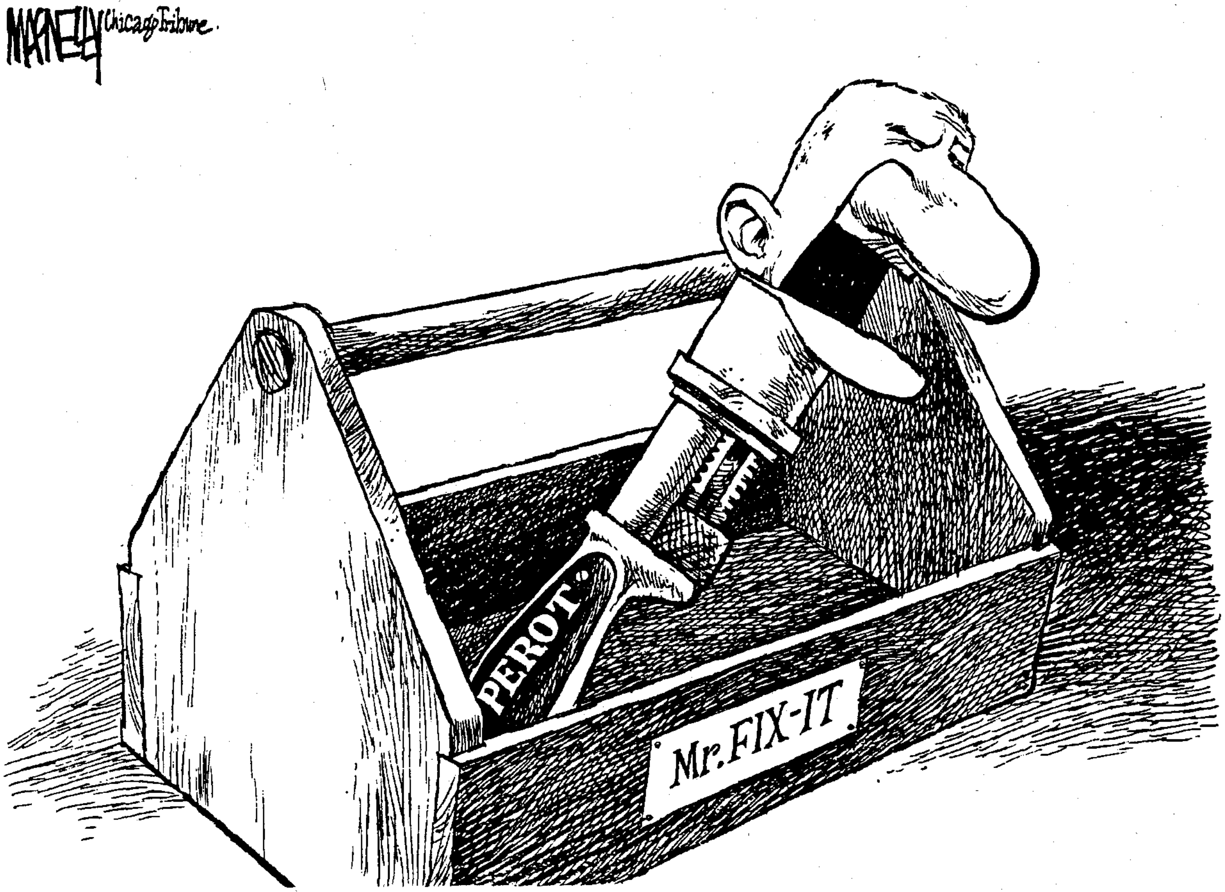
"It does that every time I say Maastricht."


Personnel
Bo/oo

"Salary requirements? Just keep me out of that top 2 per cent!"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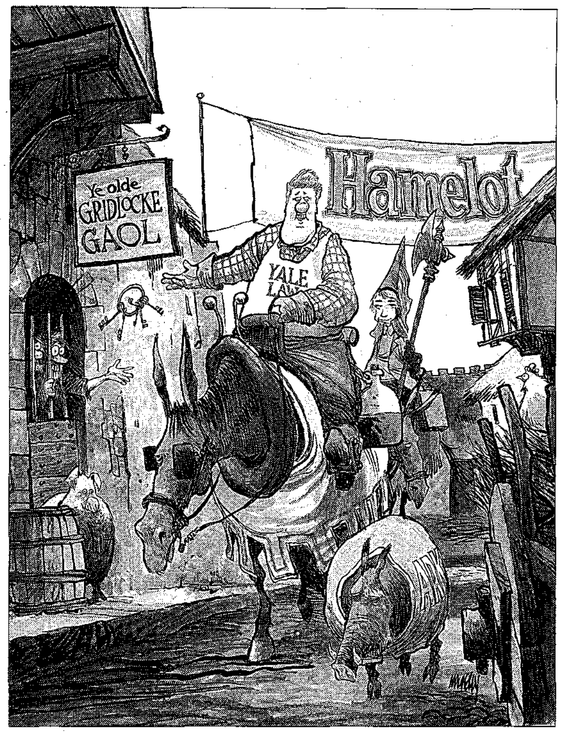


WHEN THE CLINTONS COME TO TOWN

Charlotte Hays

Day One: The Inauguration

HILLARY stands by her man. In a Donna Karan pantsuit.

A stricken Chief Justice Rehnquist swears Bill in, while Hillary holds the inclusive-language edition of the Bible. But just as Bill takes the oath as the 42nd President of the United States, a pop is heard. Not to worry: it's just the button on Bill's suit. "Darn it, Hillary," says Bill into the live mike. "I *told* you I'm a 48 now."

In an early effort to woo the Hill, Clinton has asked wordsmith Joe Biden to write his speech. "Ask not what your country can do for you," says the President, "but what you can do for your country." Tom Oliphant of the *Boston Globe*, Joe Klein of *Newsweek*, and Sid Blumenthal of *The New Republic* coincidentally all file the same lead: "The torch was passed to a new generation . . . as President Bill Clinton delivered a moving, original, and poignant speech with echoes from the past . . ."

OUT: Skull and Bones.
IN: Rhodes scholars.

OUT: Non-sequiturs.
IN: "Whooo, pig, soooey!" the Arkansas term of endearment.

OUT: Lil' Abner's Dogpatch.
IN: Garry Trudeau's *Doonesbury*.

After the swearing in, Bill and Hillary set out to walk down Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House, as a tribute to the new ambassador-at-large, Jimmy Carter. But just as they approach Bice, that monument to wretched excess of the Bush era, Bill gets winded and has to take a cab instead. But first, he stops in the restaurant for a cannoli.

Scandal of the day: Miz Virginia's first faux pas. In the indecision over Hillary's hairdo (to headband or not to headband?) and concern that Gennifer Flowers will try to gate-crash, the aide who is assigned to drive First Mother, Miz Virginia, to her morning appointment at Elizabeth Arden forgets. Miz Virginia shows up at the Inaugural Ball wearing more Maybelline than Tammy Faye Bakker, and a dress from the *Gone with the Wind* collection of Arkansas's classiest boutique.

Conspicuously absent: Roger Clinton. In an effort to ensure that Bad Brother Roger doesn't become Bill's Billy, the campaign team disappears him for the day.

The short goodbye: Few reporters bother to show up for the Bushes' goodbye wave on the White House lawn. An event marked by Bar's having finally dyed her hair.

Hillary's first official act as First Lady: To declare that, henceforth, she shall be known as the Presidential Partner.

OUT: Kennebunkport.
IN: The Quality Inn in Hot Springs, Arkansas. But reporters, having difficulty adjusting to the post-Bush-era junket, will stay at the fancier Arlington Hotel, which is forced to institute room service.

Hillary's first official act as Presidential Partner: She reveals, in a Donnie Radcliffe exclusive, that she's reverting to her old name, Hillary Rodham. "You voted for him, you got me," Hillary says.

The First Dinner Party

Bill and Hillary throw an impromptu buffet. Occasion: Leftovers from a state dinner are going to waste in the fridge. Just the gang, but James Carville is *so* in, he gets to bring the poor has-been Mary Matalin. Jimmy and Rosalyn get teary at first, but the mood is upbeat.

Menu: Leftover chicken enchiladas from the state dinner for François Mitterrand. Beans and rice. Chocolate-chip cookies and three other dessert selections, each labeled "Bill's favorite." Jugs of wine and fruit-flavored mineral waters, RC colas, and a bottle of Jack Daniels for James Carville.

Topic of conversation: Greed!

Miss Hays is the gossip columnist for the New York Observer.

"Can you believe they were right here in this very room a few short months ago?"

Highlights: Bill sings a medley of Elvis songs, climaxing in "Ain't Nothin' but a Hound Dog." Then he sits down at the piano and starts belting out some of those Baptist tunes, which, frankly, are beginning to get on the intellectuals' nerves.

OUT: Brooks Brothers.
IN: Brooke's brother. In a chichi version of the welfare state, President Clinton's first official act is to put old Oxford chum Strobe Talbott of *Time* and his entire family on the payroll. Strobe gets to be National Security Advisor. Strobe's rather intense wife, Brooke Shearer Talbott, daughter of Lloyd Shearer of *Parade* Magazine, is promoted from Hillary's traveling companion to press secretary. Brooke's brother, Derek, deserves something very big, since he discovered Sidney Blumenthal, whom he hired to work on the Boston *Phoenix*. Payback to Derek: Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors. Derek's wife, Ruth Goldway, former mayor of Santa Monica, gets to be Little Chelsea's hired companion. Ruth and Derek become Washington's new Fun Couple, hosting issues-oriented dessert parties in their Cleveland Park home.

Brooke Shearer Talbott, wearing one of those skimpy little silver lamé numbers she's so fond of, launches into a wild lambada. Brooke can keep this up all night. Brooke's hubby nods off because it's past his 9:30 bedtime.

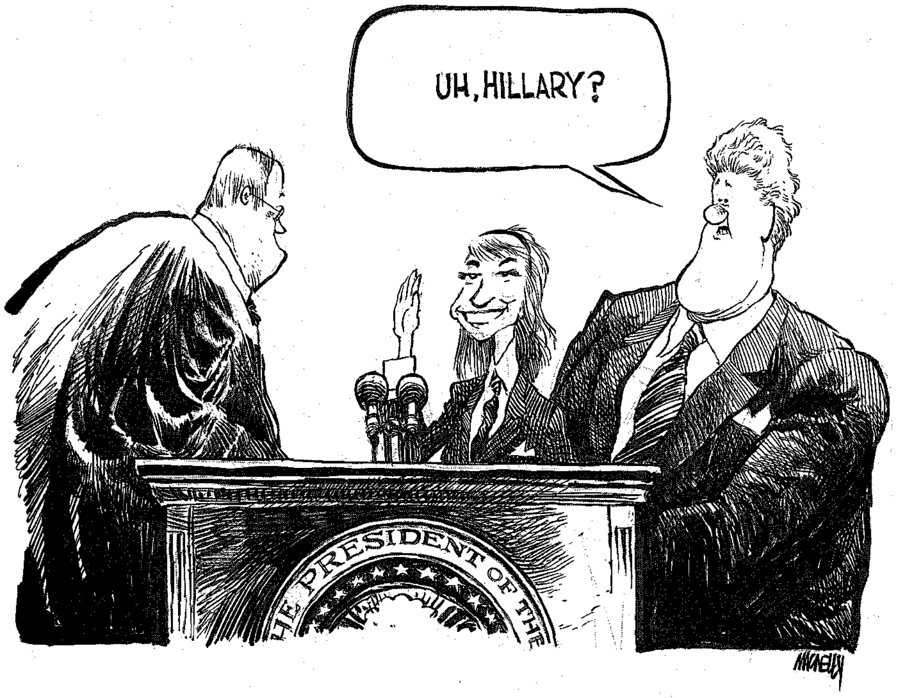
Things deteriorate. Hillary looks out the window and sees Bill and Mary Matalin debating in the Rose Garden. Hillary says it's time to go home.

Paybacks and Pundits

- Ultimate Insider Sidney Blumenthal, the scourge of Republicans, replaces fellow *New Republic* scribe Fred Barnes as Mr. Access when, in another echo from the past, Bill and Hillary pay an impromptu visit to Sid and Jackie in Tacoma Park after the Inaugural Ball. An invitation to dine with the Blumenthals becomes well worth the ride out on the red line. Meanwhile, his *New Republic* columns continue to help us look beyond whatever bimbo story the Republicans have dredged up this week.
- Michael Kinsley turns down Clinton's offer of the USIA directorship, opting to continue *Crossfire*, but finds a way to parlay the much-publicized flirtation into a huge pay raise.
- Tom Oliphant, almost rhymes with sycophant, is invited to dinner at the White House not once, but twice.
- The *Newsweek* fan club—Jonathan Alter, Eleanor Clift, Mark Miller, and sometimes-straying-from-the-pack-to-demonstrate-his-independence Joe Klein—all turn down top Administration jobs; they feel they can be more effective at *Newsweek*.
- In from the cold: Dan Rather is suddenly chic again.
- Into the cold: Ted Koppel, who can't get anyone to go on *Nightline* any more, thanks to those put-him-on-the-spot interviews with candidate Clinton. *Nightline* plummets in the ratings, and, by the end of the Clinton Administration, is booking transvestite priests.
- Suddenly resurrected: Sam Donaldson. By doing no work whatsoever during the campaign, he unknowingly endeared himself to the Clinton camp.
- In decline: Evans & Novak, who can no longer rely on White House leaks, are forced to rely entirely on sources at the Heritage Foundation.
- Surprise recovery: George Will, who manages to stay in print by writing exclusively about baseball, a favorite of the Camelotiers.

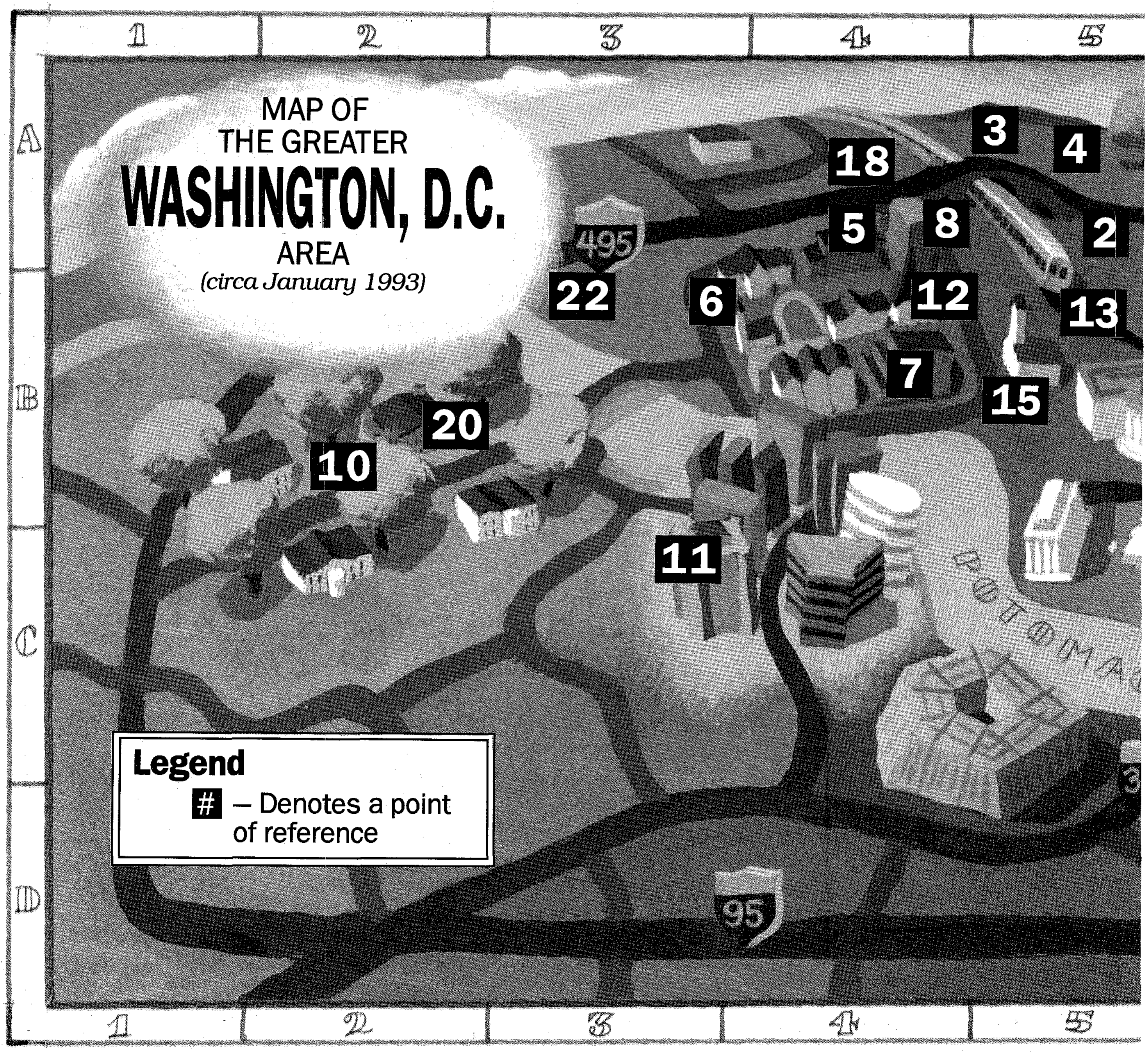
Clinton Family Milestones

First family crisis: Little Chelsea rebels. Hillary knows something is up when she finds the fake pearls and Black Watch plaid skirt crumpled in Little Chelsea's dresser drawer. Openly exhibiting Republican tendencies, Chelsea refuses to attend the magnet school Bill and Hillary have selected for her. In a fit of adolescent pique, she says she will fling herself off the Truman Balcony unless she is allowed to go to Madeira, the fancy girls school in Great Falls, and take riding lessons. The final straw comes when Chelsea shows up at a Gold Cup tailgate party wearing an Ann Taylor dress. Hillary puts her foot down and tells Chelsea she's going to public school or else. Chelsea threatens to sue her parents. Amy Carter, last seen protesting the Gulf War in a body bag at the Memphis airport, is called in to try and talk some sense into Chelsea.



First marital spat. Bill is overheard by Hillary one too many times talking about "the biggest watermelons he's ever seen," the defining quote of their meeting at Yale, which appeared in every magazine profile. It finally dawns on the Presidential Partner that he wasn't talking about the fruit.

(Continues on page 36)



Welcome to Hamelot

1 Sid Blumenthal's house in Tacoma Park. Replaces the White House as the nerve center.

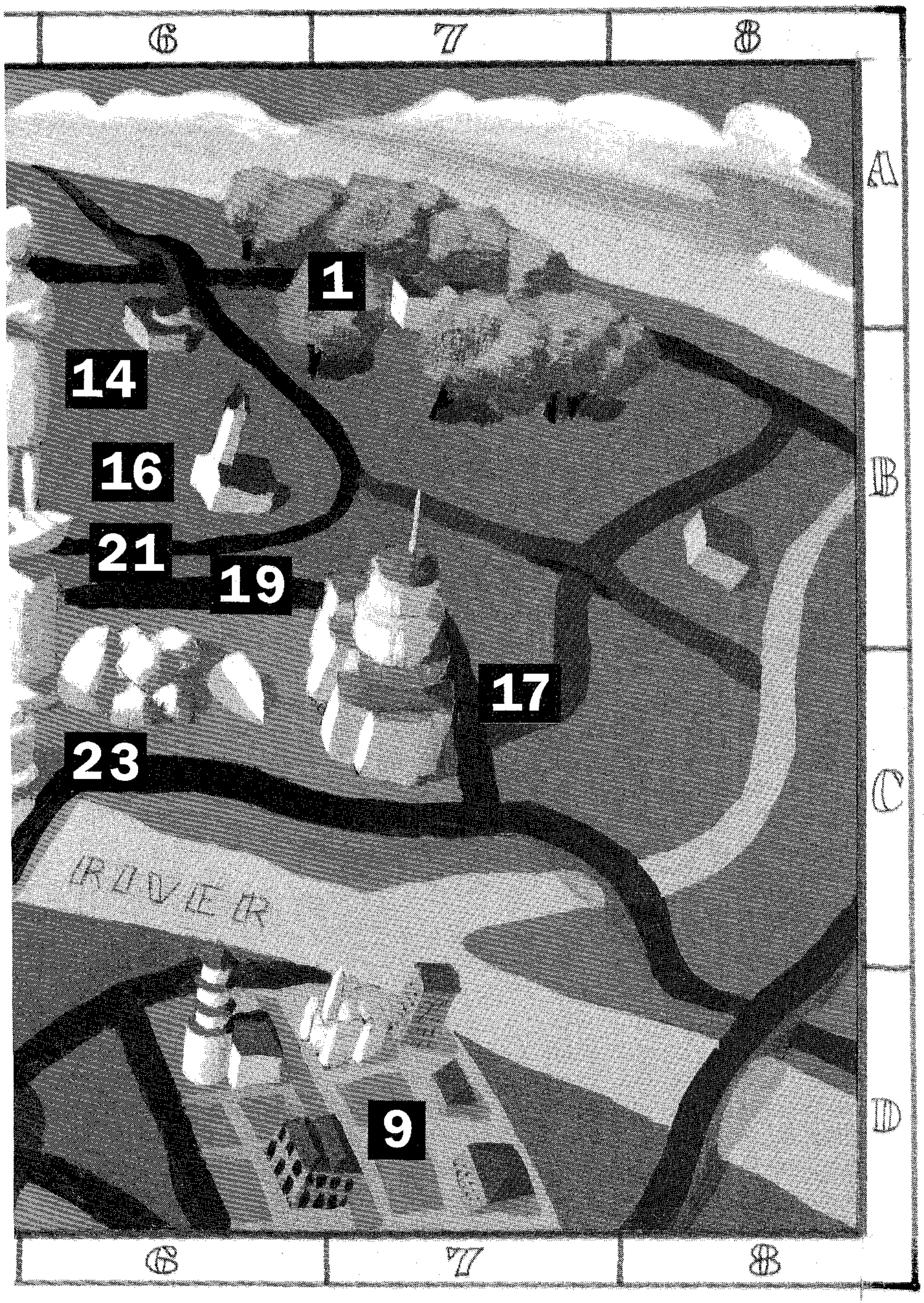
2 Adams-Morgan. Too daring and dangerous for the Republicans, New Yorky Adams-Morgan, mecca for journalists and panhandlers, is just right for Clinton wonks without big families. The 42 bus, which is already frequented by such luminaries as Miss Manners and New Republican Andrew Sullivan, will become known as "The Bus of the Stars," as prominent Clinton Administration officials use it to get to the White House.

3 The Red Line. The hot metro route, especially now that it leads to Sid Blumenthal's house.

4 Mount Pleasant: Republican-Free Zone. Quaint bodegas, race riots, surly loiterers—a sure bet for the promised real-estate boom.

5 Georgetown. Happiness at last for all those rich old Democrats-in-exile! Eager to jump back on the throne: Pamela Harriman, much-married widow of Averell. Ready for his payback: Vic Raiser, businessman and big Clinton fund raiser. Longevity award: The George Stevenses from the JFK era, who have kept the flame burning, or at least flickering, all these years. Forgiven: Jennifer Phillips, who succumbed to temptation and entertained Republicans.

6 Mille Fleurs, the Georgetown digs of R. J. Reynolds tobacco heir Smith Bagley, who came up from N.C. to partake of the glamour of the Carter White House. His stock rose when



Chris Miles

Sally Quinn revealed that he hardly knew Jimmy and Roz. Smith and second bride, Betsy, see this as a second chance, and entertain up a storm with issues dinners, only to get snubbed again.

7 Bill's old dorm room at Georgetown University. Cordoned off for tour groups.

8 Kalorama. Haute Bushie turf. Now irrelevant; its only function is that it gives Clintonian commuters on their way to Cleveland Park something to sneer at.

9 Old Town Alexandria. Even worse than Kalorama because it's full of *young* Republicans. No reason to go there except to visit talking-head Hodding Carter.

10 McLean, Virginia. There goes the neighborhood. Those faux colonial mansions adored by fundamentalist billionaires who flourished during the Reagan years have finally become passé. Teddy Kennedy is suddenly the coolest guy in the neighborhood.

11 Rosslyn. Too boring for most Democrats, but a blast for all of Bill's dorky friends who moved up here from Little Rock.

12 John Ritch's salon/saloon. Only acceptable address in Kalorama. During the Carter Administration, senators and top journalists used to drop by Senate Foreign Relations Committee staffer Ritch's for a late drink and jawing about Euromissiles, Camp David, and Fidel. Outpost in the wilderness years. Will revive big time. Bonus point: Ritch is a Rhodes.

13 Déjà Vu. Totally unhip until now. But it's the favorite Washington hangout of "Chicken" Tyson, presidential pal and Frank Perdue of the Nineties.

14 Old Glory. Nouvelle Texan restaurant Red Sage becomes deserted as Clintonians flock to Georgetown's upscale rib joint, which already serves a barbeque made from a genuine Arkansas recipe. Whooo, pig, soooey!

15 First Baptist Church, 16th & O Street. Jimmy Carter's old church. Bill will sing in the choir until the congregation gets fed up with the TV cameras.

16 Metropolitan African Methodist Episcopal Church, 15th & M Streets. Hillary and Chelsea's church, where Hillary teaches a Sunday-school class on nurturing and empowerment. But she'll refuse to call it "Sunday school." Too reactionary.

17 Capitol Hill. Not as hip as Adams-Morgan, but made totally acceptable by occasional muggings.

18 Cleveland and Glover Parks. Considered the suburbs to Adams-Morgan types who move there when they procreate.

19 Progressive Policy Institute. Replaces the Heritage Foundation as the new think tank. PPI guru: Rob Shapiro, tax-policy expert and key presidential advisor.

20 Nordstrom's. The department store of choice for the Presidential Partner, who has off-the-rack clothes pre-selected and sent to the White House, as was her custom in Little Rock. Who's got time to shop?

21 The Jockey Club. Inadvertently lands on the Clinton map when Little Chelsea and her friends from Madeira run up a staggering bill for lunches. Bill and Hillary are the last to find out, by certified mail.

22 Palisades Park. Home of George and Barbara Bush, who moved back into their own house. George returns to horseshoes with a vengeance.

23 The New Washington Monument. The old one is deemed "too sexist" by Hillary Rodham and is razed to make room for a statue of Anita Hill.

HAYES

(Continued from page 33)

First public display of populism. In true Democratic tradition, the Clintons announce that they will do their own grocery shopping. After the first photo opportunity at the Georgetown Social Safeway, much is made on the editorial page of the *New York Times*, commending Bill and Hillary for knowing what a scanner was. The press is fulsome in its praise until minority groups from South West protest the Clintons' choice of Safeways.

First health crisis. Bill's cholesterol level hits 300. The White House physician puts Clinton on a strict diet, but Secret Service agents catch the President sneaking into the White House kitchen for a midnight snack of RC colas and moon pies á la mode. The story is leaked to the *Washington Post*, causing the Dow Jones to plunge. Panic subsides when the venerable Hugh Sidey opines in an essay in *Time* magazine that historically the institution of the Presidency has been safe in the hands of fat men, Sidey citing William Howard Taft and Grover Cleveland.

OUT: Country & Western.
IN: Elvis, but only during the fat period.

OUT: "Wives of," as those Republican ladies were wont to call themselves.
IN: "Wives from Hell." Hillary is just the beginning. There is Clare Dalton, the radical crit law professor and midwifery proponent, whose husband is Harvard elitist Robert Reich. Journalist Jurate Kazicas, who was wounded covering the Vietnam War and married Roger Altman, the likely choice for Treasury Secretary, is extremely popular again, if only because she's the only Clintonian who's been in Vietnam. Otherwise, The New Washington Wife is likely to be either lawyer or shrink—and may opt to remain in Cambridge.

Second health crisis. Hillary's false pregnancy. When *Washington Post* gossip columnist Lois Romano reports a rumor that Hillary was seen purchasing a do-it-yourself pregnancy test at the Social Safeway, it immediately triggers a spate of glowing press for the Presidential Partner. *New York* magazine reruns its Over 45 and Pregnant cover story. Gail Sheehy is dispatched on behalf of *Vanity Fair* to pop-psychoanalyze Hillary's motives, and later spins her findings into a sequel to her menopause book. Tina Brown is rumored in Liz Smith's column to have secretly promised the Clintons photo approval if Hillary will pose pregnant on the cover of *The New Yorker*. The supermarket tabloids are the first to question the authenticity of the pregnancy report, forcing Bill and Hillary to go on *60 Minutes* and apologize for misleading the American people.

First domestic policy scandal. Marilyn refuses to move out. But no one notices that the Quayles haven't left, partly because well-brought-up Vice President Al Gore is too embarrassed to tell anyone. The secret is finally uncovered when one of the legions of Republican ladies who smuggle food in squeals to Donnie Radcliffe.

Second domestic policy scandal. The White House goes to pot. As the first Presidential Partner to hold a full-time paying job, Hillary neglects the White House. Word spreads in Georgetown that she's allowing state dinners to be served on chipped pieces of Nancy Reagan's china. In a public-relations coup—and payback to Harry Thomason and Linda Bloodworth-Thomason—Julia Sugarbaker comes in and completely redecorates the White House on the season's premiere of *Designing Women*.

Major Kennedy Events

- Teddy is not only forgiven all his sins and popular again, but he becomes fast friends with President Bill, after the two bond at the blood-pressure machine at the Social Safeway.

OUT: Pork rinds.
IN: Razorbacks.

OUT: Sheila Tate, Republican image-meister to Nancy Reagan and Marilyn Quayle.
IN: Mandy Grunwald. Protégée of James Carville and Frank Greer, and daughter of former *Time* bigwig Henry Grunwald. Mandy won't want to change Hillary's image. She thinks she's perfect the way she is.

- Vicki is overheard in the ladies' room at Notte Luna giving Hillary tips on how to apply eye shadow. The two become fast friends and confidently leave their husbands alone at the bar.
- Jackie invites Hillary to pen her memoirs for Doubleday, but the two have such fun comparing notes over long lunches at trendy New York restaurants that the book never gets written.
- The Kennedy wedding of the decade is JFK Junior's surprise elopement with Debra Winger.

Arnold Schwarzenegger is relegated to doing guest spots on *The Love Boat*. Wife Maria replaces Peter Jennings.

- Willie Smith re-appears as the attending emergency-room physician at Georgetown Hospital the night that President Willie overdoes it playing the saxophone. They become fast friends.

Media Milestones

First major Style story: "Don't Call Me First Lady!" an exclusive interview granted to puzzled White House correspondent Donnie Radcliffe, in which Hillary outlines the non-sexist agenda she will pursue in her new role as Presidential Partner.

Second major Style story: "Two Cabinet-Member Families," a Martha Sherrill classic on overworked couples in the Clinton Cabinet. Where they send out for pizzas. How they find the right day care.

First seven-part series by the *Washington Post:* Still undetermined, but all Pulitzer Prize–winners have been working on it, and only it. Target date: 1996.

Biggest *Spy* cover story: "Jason with a G: Hillary's Ex-Beaux Speak Out," by Rudy Maxa, is widely decried as being in execrable taste.

Return to *Donahue*: Phil does a trashy, hour on First Brother Roger's revelations in *Playboy*. Then gives Bill Clinton two weeks' free air time to refute it all.

The Barbara Walters Interview: Miz Virginia speaks her mind—and holds hands with Barbara by the Tidal Basin.

Where Are They Now?

- George Bush: Still looking for a job, job, job.

- Barbara Bush: Blonde and loving it.
- Dan Quayle: Replaces Bill Kemal as Channel 9's weather man.
- Marilyn Quayle: Plotting for Dan to get anchorman Gordon Petersen's job.
- Marlin Fitzwater: Opens a chain of fitness salons.
- Mary Matalin: Finally gets mother's advice right—becomes a *Democrat* and starts dating *Republicans*.

OUT: *The McLaughlin Group*. So out of touch! Who can imagine watching these Reagan-era white guys beat up on Eleanor Clift one more time?
IN: *Washington Week in Review*. Sure, it's boring, but the Clintonians love soppy guys with their hearts in the right places.

Effects on American Culture

- *L.A. Law* gets a character based on Hillary.
- Murphy Brown gets pregnant again out of wedlock and vows to name the baby Rodham, boy or girl.
- Julia Child retires after *White Trash Cooking* becomes the nation's number-one cookbook.

The First Year in Review

January: Hillary is *Time*'s Man of the Year.

February: Gennifer resurfaces, only now it's with a J. She does the *Penthouse* Valentine centerfold, but nobody cares. Except Ted Koppel, who investigates and finds that *she* paid *them*.

OUT: Sutton Place Gourmet—overpricing is no longer stylish.
IN: Fresh Fields, the Rockville farmers' market. Michael Kinsley started buying his groceries there before the election.

March: The first tell-all book from the Bush Administration is published by Doubleday. In *Bar None*, Anna Perez reveals that Barbara Bush actually has blonde roots, but dyed her hair grey so that George would win the election.

April: Bill and Hillary spend Easter weekend with Teddy and Vicki at the Kennedy Compound in Palm Beach.

May: Bill dyes his hair grey.

June: George Bush has finally landed a job demonstrating the Nordic Track on the Home Shopping Network.

July: War breaks out in every foreign country, but American soldiers are all off the hook, thanks to letters written on their behalf by President Bill.

August: The first family flees to its retreat, at the Quality Inn in Hot Springs, for a well-deserved vacation. Hillary drives.

September: Miss Arkansas wins the Miss America pageant, becoming the first Arkansan to wear the crown since Liz "Did She or Didn't She?" Ward. The White House replies by making her the first Miss America not to be invited for handshakes in the Oval Office.

October: Mario Cuomo finally gets invited to the White House, but he refuses to go because he's sure that they only want him there because it is Columbus Day. President Bill denies the allegations, but he apologizes anyway.

November: Bill overdoes it at the Thanksgiving picnic.

December: At the Clinton's first Christmas White House, Hillary insists on being Santa Claus. □

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Gang of Three

WHO WILL REGULATE THE REGULATORS?

If you make a mistake, shouldn't you own up? Not if you're the FDA, EPA, or FTC.

PETER SAMUEL

ON THE morning of December 13, 1991, teams of agents representing the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) and the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), accompanied by armed U.S. marshals, arrived unannounced at the Rockville, Maryland, offices of Sporicidin Inc. and simultaneously at its contract manufacturing facility in Jonesboro, Tennessee. The agents seized products, ordered a stop to sales and shipments, and filed a formal complaint alleging the products were "adulterated and misbranded." They demanded that the company recall all its products, and began searching and copying its records.

Sporicidin is one of several manufacturers of spore-killing products based on the chemical glutaraldehyde, which are used by hospitals, clinics, physicians, and dentists for disinfecting sensitive instruments and keeping tables and other surfaces clear of germs. Until 1977 the dominant disinfectant was Cidex, a Johnson & Johnson product that is mainly composed of glutaraldehyde. However, plain glutaraldehyde has several drawbacks: it is bulky to store, for many uses it has to be heated to work properly, and it gives off vapors that sting the eyes and nose and cause skin rashes. Robert Schattner, a dentist in the Washington, D.C., area, who had already invented the well-known throat spray Chloraseptic, experimented with ways of overcoming these drawbacks. He mixed the glutaraldehyde with phenol, the main ingredient in Chloraseptic. The two turned out to have a synergistic effect, resulting in a disinfectant that was able to kill germs, viruses, and spores more quickly than plain glutaraldehyde, and that was much easier to use.

He started offering a line of products for sale in the mid 1970s, under the Sporicidin name. A number of product reviews in hospital journals found that the products had all the advantages that Dr. Schattner claimed. Others disputed the matter, and there were various claims and counterclaims. Some of these appear to have resulted from honest differences of professional opinion; others appear to have been motivated by competitive considerations. In any case, until last December the Sporicidin products—a cold sterilizing solution, disinfectant sprays, disinfectant towelettes, and a general disinfectant solution—had been used unchanged since their introduction 14 years ago and had gained nearly a quarter of the $60-to-$70-million annual market for medical-instrument disinfectants.

Normally, regulators intervene when customers are unhappy with a product, or are incapable of making informed decisions. Yet the users of Sporicidin and other, similar disinfectants are almost exclusively well-informed professionals. None of them had been lodging complaints with the agencies. The Centers for Disease Control says it does not have a record of any case of a disease acquired as a result of failure of Sporicidin. As late as December 12, 1991, a notarized letter to Dr. Schattner from John H. Lee, the product manager of the Antimicrobial Programs Branch of the EPA's Office of Pesticides and Toxic Substances, said Sporicidin was "properly registered and certified" and that it was approved for sale for the disinfecting and sterilizing uses indicated on its label.

But the very next day, the agencies swung into action. The EPA has regulated such germicides for years; lately the FDA has gained a share of jurisdiction, by defining the disinfectant solutions as "medical devices." The Federal Trade Commission also got into the act by questioning the advertising claims made for the products. All three agencies issued long press releases and gave press briefings after the raid.

For the Prosecution

ONE PRETEXT for the raid was the claim that Sporicidin did not have an FDA marketing permit (called 510k). This was a Kafkaesque complaint, since the FDA had not issued any rules as to how companies could obtain such clearances. No clearances at all had been obtained by any company for any of these disinfectant products.

A more serious-sounding claim was that Sporicidin products were ineffective. FDA administrator David Kessler was quoted in a press release: "These products do not work. Doctors, dentists, and other health professionals should stop using them." The FDA also charged that Sporicidin products could cause "serious, adverse health consequences, or death."

The EPA and FTC joined the FDA in publicly accusing the company of false and misleading advertising, on the grounds that FDA lab tests had shown that the Sporicidin products failed to sterilize as claimed.

In the months following the FDA/EPA/FTC media circus, it transpired that what is ineffective and a menace to public health is not the Sporicidin products but the government test. Indeed, a year before it participated in the raid, the EPA formally acknowledged serious deficiencies in its test. In a request for applicants for a contract to research a replacement testing system, published in the *Federal Register* of December 6, 1990, the EPA said that the existing test methods (the so-called AOAC sporicidal test) "lack reliability and reproducibility" and cited ten serious technical prob-

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Mr. Samuel runs Greentrack International, an environmental news service.

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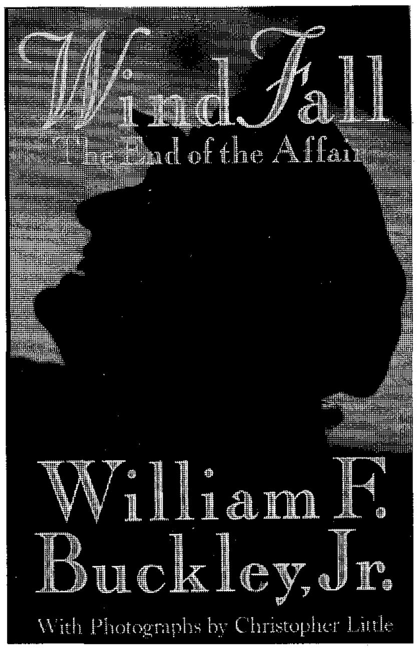

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lems in the test. The basic flaw in the current test is that it pits disinfectants being tested against enormously varying numbers of spores—as few as a hundred in some caes, as many as a million in others. And it is conducted in small containers of porcelain with greatly varying numbers of tiny cracks and fissures in which the pathogens can hide from the disinfectant. (Norman Miner, a veteran tester at Johnson & Johnson, said the test was so unreliable that all products, including his own company's Cidex, failed regularly.) The EPA subsequently awarded a $700,000 research contract to a Canadian university to develop an improved test.

The FDA also knew the test was flawed, as the July 13 newsletter of the Chemical Specialties Manufacturers Association (CSMA) reports. Virginia Chamberlain, the person in charge of disinfection and sterilization at the FDA's office of compliance and surveillance, acknowledges that the AOAC sporicidal test is "outdated" and says the FDA is working to improve its test methods. Tim Ulatowski, associate director of the FDA's Center for Devices and Radiological Health, says, "AOAC methods are troublesome." Apparently, however, concern about the inadequacy of the tests at the working level of the FDA never filtered up to the elevated level of the agency's media-hungry wonderboy, David Kessler. Or perhaps he doesn't care?

Day in Court

SPORICIDIN is not the only manufacturer being harassed. A competitor, Metrex Corporation, which markets MetriCide (a similar glutaraldehyde-based disinfectant), took the EPA to court—and humiliated it. Judge Lewis T. Babcock of the U.S. District Court in Colorado concluded on June 18, in *Metrex Corp.* v. *William K. Reilly* (the EPA head), that the government had failed to follow proper laboratory procedures in testing MetriCide, thus failing to properly establish its case that the products were ineffective.

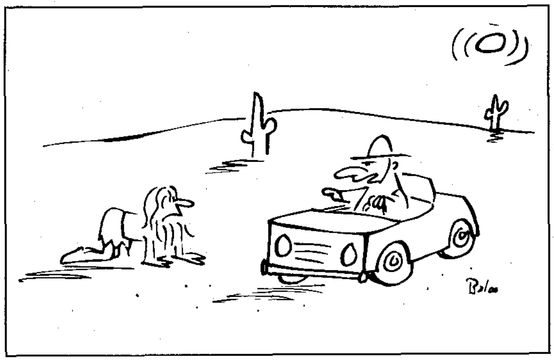
The case revealed various sloppy testing procedures—over-diluted samples, inappropriate neutralizing solutions, failure to use control samples—and poor documentation. In short, the EPA's tester, an FDA lab in Minneapolis, failed to adhere to the established code of Good Laboratory Practices—the exact kind of negligent behavior for which it levies fines of hundreds of thousands of dollars against outside laboratories.

Judge Babcock said that in his judgment the EPA's press releases and hot-line announcements about the test failures of Metrex products were "as a matter of fact and of law false." He ordered the EPA to cease its statements and said that it "either knew or should have known that the results in this case were not sufficiently reliable to be called valid."

The tests used to discredit Sporicidin were apparently just as bad. They were conducted in the same food-testing laboratory run by the FDA in Minneapolis. The FDA test data sheets indicate that the Sporicidin tested may have been allowed to age beyond the recommended limit, and may also have been diluted beyond the level for which it is registered. Even so, Sporicidin's cold sterilizing solution passed 239 out of 240 tests.

Joseph Konzelman, clinical director of oral-health research at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center, testified that his review of the tests on Sporicidin persuaded him they were improperly conducted, and said he regarded the FDA report as misleading.

What of the dramatic December 13 charge that Sporicidin was "adulterated"? It turns out this allegation arose from the regulators' innocence of basic chemistry. They had noticed a discrepancy between the list of constituents on the label and the manufacturing formula. Sodium phenate, which the product label names as a constituent, does not appear on factory invoices. What they did not know was that sodium phenate is obtained by mixing sodium hydroxide and phenol.



"You're in big trouble, fella—you're trespassing on official government wetland."

Looking-Glass Logic

FIVE MONTHS after the denunciation of Sporicidin's products, the FDA quietly signed an agreement with Sporicidin allowing several of the products which Administrator Kessler had said were "ineffective" and "adulterated" back on the market without any change whatever in their formulation.

In the consent agreement between Sporicidin and the FDA, the company agreed to what the FDA chose to call a "reconditioning" of its product. "Reconditioning" usually means that the product is reworked to change its composition and characteristics. In this case, it refers solely to the insertion of an extra instruction sheet in the packaging. This misleading language is part of the FDA's coverup, an attempt to claim that the agency forced the company to correct deficiencies in its product, rather than admit that there were no deficiencies.

Moreover, the FDA has also insisted the company destroy reprints of scientific-journal articles that touch on its products. FDA officers have demanded to supervise the dumping of boxes full of articles on glutaraldehyde-based disinfectants published in *The Journal of Operating Room Research*, *The Journal of Clinical Microbiology*, and suchlike.

At the time of writing the EPA is still holding out on Sporicidin with some bizarre maneuvers of its own, offering to lift its freeze on Sporicidin's cold sterilizing solution—which the EPA had repeatedly approved before December 13—only if Sporicidin does its own laboratory testing to demonstrate the product's efficacy.

So we have reached the situation where the FDA has allowed products back on the market which David Kessler said last year "don't work." The old AOAC test is discredited, and there is no generally accepted test to demonstrate spore-killing power. The EPA, as we have seen, already has research contracts out with a Canadian company for an improved test, but now it wants a small private company to pass a completely new battery of tests lasting many months while its

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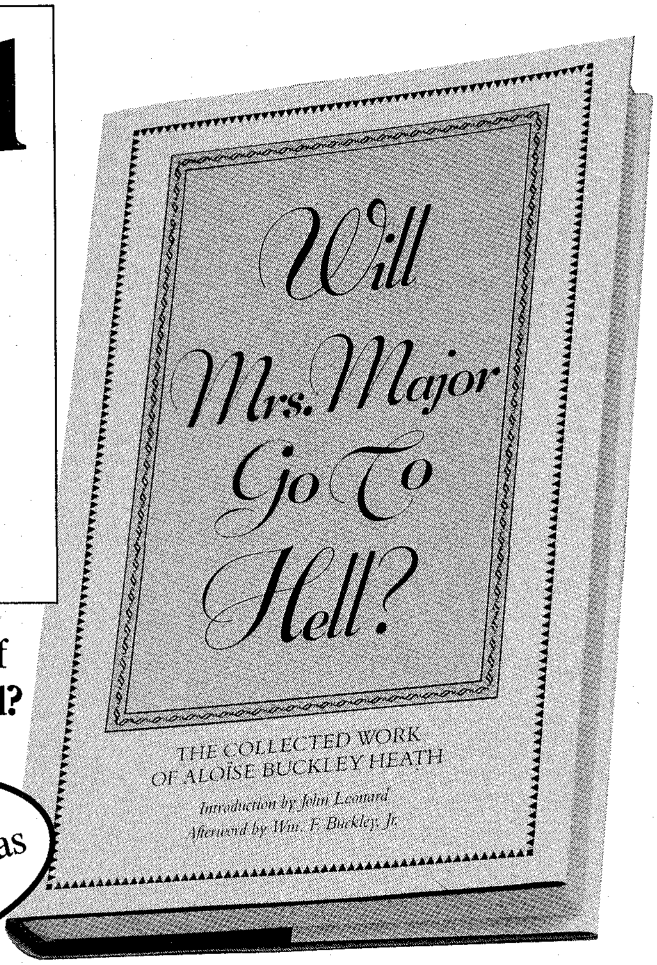
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products remain banned on the basis of the discredited test.

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Sporicidin estimates its losses to the end of July at more than $10 million—$5 million in lost sales, $2 million in customer reimbursements, $1 million in legal fees, and $2 million in lost inventory. Thirty people in the manufacturing plant lost their jobs, and a dozen administrative and sales people have gone. In their place, a team of lawyers.

Agencies that are supposedly dedicated to serving public health are endangering it by spreading disinformation, disrupting the supply chain for disinfectants, and heavily assaulting the economic viability of the companies that manufacture them. Two of these have been forced close to bankruptcy for no good reason. Another, 3M, has withdrawn from the market, opting "not to get bogged down in the Federal Government's regulatory process." The regulators are adding a massive risk premium to the calculations of anyone doing business in territory where the government gangs roam.

What is behind this destructive madness? Several agencies fighting for regulatory turf? A drive by regulators to justify their budget claims in Congress? Normal Washington blundering? Perhaps a bit of all of these. □

No Single Issue

THE ABORTION WAR

The paradox: Most Americans are 'pro-choice'— and yet they oppose most of the abortions performed.

MARK CUNNINGHAM

THE PRO-LIFE movement is on the ropes. The Supreme Court has affirmed the central tenets of *Roe* v. *Wade* and embraced the concept of radical individualism that is at the center of the pro-choice position. President Bush, who has held the line on abortion even though he cannot present a coherent defense of his view, is likely to be replaced by Governor Clinton, whose Administration will surely embrace legislation to roll back the modest restrictions the Court allowed in *Planned Parenthood* v. *Casey*. Are there any assets remaining to those who resist the transformation of abortion into a positive good? What strategies ought they to follow?

First of all, there is considerable resistance to the actual practice of abortion. Though the AMA abandoned formal opposition decades ago, abortion is nonetheless fenced off within the medical community. At U.S. medical schools, only a quarter of ob/gyn residency programs require abortion training, and another quarter don't offer it all; participation in the optional programs is low. (How many mothers dream of someday presenting "my son the abortionist"?) In 1990, according to the *Washington Post*, "roughly eight thousand [8,000!] physicians performed most of the 1.6 million abortions in the United States . . . Roughly 70 per cent of these abortions are performed at 300 clinics." Outpatient clinics performed 46 per cent of abortions in 1973, 86 per cent in 1988. The standards vary from the relatively posh and professional services of Planned Parenthood to what are quite fairly called "abortion mills," places even the most zealous pro-choicers are ashamed to defend.

Activist pro-choicers are up in arms over the fact that 83 per cent of the 3,135 counties in the U.S. have no facilities for abortion. The numbers are deceptive, since the more populous counties are full of clinics, and it is no great burden for most people to reach the nearest good-sized city. Still, this suggests that community sentiment

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Mr. Cunningham is NR*'s Articles Editor.*

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resists the pro-choice dream of an abortion clinic between the gas station and the general store in every two-street town.

In fact, most Americans disapprove of most abortions. A number of polls demonstrate this; my favorite, because liberals cannot impeach the source, was conducted for the *Boston Globe* in 1989. The study used a large, scientifically selected sample of the population; the pollsters posited various specific situations, and for each of them asked: "In this case, do you think it should be legal or illegal for a woman to obtain an abortion?" Over 80 per cent of respondents supported legal abortions in cases of rape, incest, and danger to the life or physical health of the mother. Smaller majorities backed abortion for the reason of definite (65 per cent in favor, 23 per cent opposed) or potential (52 to 31 per cent) genetic deformity.

But half or more did *not* think abortion should be legal for reasons such as these: the mother is a minor (50 to 35 per cent); she thought it the wrong time in her life to have a child (82 to 12); the baby was the wrong sex (93 to 3); the mother couldn't afford a child (75 to 16); birth control had failed (89 to 6); pregnancy would cause too much emotional strain (64 to 23); the father was unwilling to help raise the child (83 to 10) or absent (81 to 11). Solid majorities opposed permitting abortions in cases where one parent wanted to abort and the other did not: 72 per cent when it was the mother who wanted the abortion; 75 per cent when it was the father.

The *Globe* results are particularly interesting when juxtaposed to an account of the reasons why women actually choose abortion. The best information we have on this subject is a survey conducted by the Alan Guttmacher Institute (an offshoot of Planned Parenthood) of 1,900 women who had had an abortion. (Multiple answers were permitted.) In this survey, 1 per cent claimed to be victims of rape or incest; 7 per cent cited a health problem; 51 per cent wanted "to avoid single parenthood" or had "problems with a relationship"; 68 per cent said they could not afford a baby; 76 per cent were "concerned about how having a baby could change her life," interfering with work, school, or similar responsibilities.

This casts in a new light the polls which more commonly make their way to the front page and the evening news, in which majorities of Americans describe themselves "pro-choice." For most people, evidently, that simply means not being rigorously pro-life. In fact, our "pro-choice" majority seemingly would be ready to outlaw most of the abortions that are actually performed.

There is, however, an important qualification: most Americans who are not themselves pro-lifers strongly disapprove of the pro-life movement. In the June/July *First Things*, James Davison Hunter, a sociology and religious-studies professor at the University of Virginia, reports on his extensive analysis (with Carl Bowman of Bridgewater College) of several 1991 surveys of public opinion on abortion. He found that people who are not active pro-lifers—even people who agree that abortion is generally wrong—feel closer, culturally, to people holding strong pro-choice views. "Outside of the rank and file of the anti-abortion movement, the average American . . . tends to view the anti-abortion movement in the same negative way that the pro-choice coalitions do." That is, they regard it as being "unconcerned about women and the poor, and marked by judgmentalism, extremism, and intolerance."

Now, this image is false—the same surveys showed that "pro-lifers were significantly more concerned about child abuse, drug abuse, poverty and homelessness, and population growth than were the pro-choice . . . [and as concerned about] racial discrimination, minority rights, and women's rights as their opponents." But the image indicates a real resentment of pro-lifers' message. People do not want to hear, or think, about it. Indeed, a recent *USA Today* poll put abortion a distant tenth on the list of issues affecting votes in the presidential campaign.

What Do Americans Know?

AS A consequence, Americans are quite ignorant on the subject. One of the studies of public opinion, a Gallup survey, found that 80 per cent of Americans are not aware that *Roe* v. *Wade* and *Doe* v.

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Bolton legalized abortion through the full nine months of pregnancy; 17 per cent thought these decisions only granted a right to first-trimester abortions, and that only when the mother's life or health is endangered; 25 per cent believed they granted an unrestricted right to abortion, but only for the first trimester. Interestingly, people who told Gallup they were moderately or strongly pro-choice were twice as likely as pro-lifers to belong to that 25 per cent.

This is a remarkable contradiction: people believe abortion to be wrong, but they resent those who remind them of it. One might wonder whether they are ignorant of the facts in part because they would rather not know them. It seems that in the case of abortion, the moral values we actually hold have become impossible to express in polite society.

In fact, they have. The pro-choice philosophy is most strongly embraced by society's leaders. As the *Los Angeles Times* summarized its 1989 in-depth poll: "People on the high end of the socio-economic scale are dramatically more sympathetic toward abortion than those on the low end. For example, 45 per cent of the people who went to college generally favor abortion while only 25 per cent of high-school dropouts do. Likewise, 42 per cent of people earning more than $40,000 a year favor abortion, but just 24 per cent of those who take in less than $20,000 do."

The same divisions show up in all serious studies. A May 1992 Wirthlin poll (for *Reader's Digest*) found a similar pattern—even on the question of poor people's access to abortion: those earning less than $15,000 a year opposed using tax dollars to fund abortions by a ratio of 63 to 32, while those earning over $60,000 favored it, 57 to 41; blacks opposed it 64 to 33, whites by only 53 to 43.

This division by itself goes a long way toward explaining recent pro-life reverses. The greater wealth and education of pro-choicers translates into campaign skills which at least partially counteract the greater number of pro-life single-issue voters and their grass-roots savvy. It means more than that, however, for it means that acceptance of abortion is necessary for the approval of our betters, and acquiescence in it is connected to social and economic advancement. Why?

Dismemberment and Choice

FOR THE last few years, it has been commonplace to hear conventionally enlightened people soberly and confidently announce that they are not pro-abortion but, rather, pro-choice. Because of the generality that is implicit in the unqualified word "choice," it is logical to examine the pro-choice argument from a broad perspective.

To make a *pro-choice* argument is to assert a liberty to perform an action, *X*, without bothering to explain why *X* should be legal, without acknowledging the nature of *X*, and, sometimes, without permitting the name for *X* to cross one's lips. Illogically, "choice" is both the premise and the conclusion. The pro-choice argument for abortion is that abortion should be legal because women have a *right to choose*. The problem with this argument is that an unqualified right purely and simply to *choose* could be used to advocate legal status for drunk driving, cannibalism, insider trading, or anything else. Unless one believes that all conceivable actions should be legal, it is not reasonable to base advocacy of legality for a particular action on *unqualified* choice.

To understand what abortion is all about, it is useful to re-direct our attention from the abstract plane down to a more practical level. Such a real-world viewpoint can be achieved by considering the day-to-day work of a physician who does little else with his professional life except abortions. For example, in my own state of Ohio, there is the practice of W. Martin Haskell, M.D.

Depending on the size of the unborn child (or should I use one of the sanitized terms—like the "conceptus"?), Dr. Haskell employs various techniques. If the fetus isn't too far along, Haskell can probably use the suction curettage method in which a sharp curette is used to reduce the fetus into chunks small enough to be sucked out of the uterus.

Later in pregnancy the fetus is too large for this method. Such cases provide Dr. Haskell with many of his referrals. He is an expert at killing human fetuses at five and six months' gestation. He uses laminaria to dilate the cervix in a three-day procedure, then simply goes in, makes a direct instrument attack on the fetus, kills it, and takes it out.

Of course, the head is usually crushed in this D&E (dilation and evacuation) procedure. An unripened cervix just doesn't expand enough to pass a five- or six-month head. If the unborn baby is big enough, then the arms and legs may have to go too. The fetus is typically dismembered and removed piece by piece in a D&E abortion. The parts are often inspected to make sure an arm or a leg hasn't been left in the mother.

The news organizations' reticence about mentioning the actual nature of abortion may arise in part from a chink in the gleaming semantic armor that otherwise encases the subject: *The abortion advocates forgot to re-name the body parts encountered in abortion.*

Presumably the "conscientious practitioners" of abortion (as the AMA now calls them—in slight departure from its own earlier description of them as "modern day Herods"), would be loath to admit to killing unborn children. They would rather say that they *terminate pregnancies*, an odd assistance for a process that invariably terminates itself.

As long as the discussion is couched in such genteel terms, there isn't much room for primitive, natural words like "arm" and "leg." They are gaucheries. On the other hand, if we could simply introduce a few Choice words into the vocabulary, then our mass media would no longer need to shy away from the topic of abortion techniques. The unborn child won't be called a child but just a "fetus" (Latin for "offspring"), and the arm is only a "potential arm" or, say, a "*brachium*."

Dr. Haskell operates abortion facilities in Cincinnati and suburban

---

Dr. Heaphy practices in Ohio.

It has been established at least since Kristen Luker's *Abortion & the Politics of Motherhood* (1984) that the motive force behind the liberalization of abortion law beginning in the 1960s was the rise of the career woman and the development of a different understanding of motherhood, and of sexuality generally. The early pro-choice activists were feminists who deemed abortion necessary to the project of gender equivalence, allowing women the same freedom from sexual consequences, and thus the same ability to shape their own professional and private lives, as men.

In many states, particularly progressive ones such as California and New York, they had achieved that goal for all practical purposes before *Roe*, through liberalization of abortion law that made it easy for any sophisticated woman to evade the spirit of the remaining restrictions by finding a sympathetic doctor. (Miss Luker notes that *Roe* had no effect on California's abortion rate.) But both feminist ideologues and committed career women wanted more: namely, the approval of society for their lifestyle and philosophy. With *Roe*, they achieved that.

That is why there is no room for compromise—why they find so mild a set of restrictions as those now enshrined in *Casey* unacceptable. For all the talk of rape and incest, those horrors account, as we have seen, for only a tiny fraction of cases. Unrestricted abortion overwhelmingly serves the career woman, married or not, who has plans that don't include the demands of pregnancy, let alone those of caring for a young child. (And it is true that single motherhood will knock you off the career track and into poverty before you can blink an eye.) Remember, three-quarters of all abortions are chosen because the mother is "concerned about how having a baby could change her life." Mary Cunningham Agee, whose pro-life Nurturing Network helps women through crisis pregnancies, reports: "Our experience shows that the most likely candidate for an abortion last year [1990] was between 20 and 26 years old, white, middle-class, with at least a high-school diploma."

By validating unrestricted abortion in *Roe*, however, the Court did more than help women continue their careers; it attacked the traditional understanding in which motherhood and

Dayton. When Yvonne Brower, a University of Cincinnati student, called to enquire if she could observe abortions to gather information for a term paper, the clinic manager was magnanimous. On September 21, 1989, Miss Brower observed Dr. Haskell killing fetuses at the Women's Med Center, which he owns, in Kettering, Ohio. The events of that morning prompted Miss Brower to file a complaint with the police.

The following excerpt from the police report is of interest:

> She stated that by 11 o'clock she had already observed two "D&E" three-day procedures on two patients. She stated on the third patient, however, the abortion was different. . . . The patient's water was already broken and she spontaneously gave birth prematurely before the proper D&E procedure could be done. She stated that the baby was delivered feet first very quickly through the birth canal. The head was on its way out when Dr. Haskell reached over and got his scissors and snipped the right side of the baby's common carotid artery.

Even then, Miss Brower stated, the newborn infant was not exactly dead. The police report again:

> The complainant stated that the baby was still moving when she looked at it once again. . . . it was breathing shallow breaths, as was evidenced by the chest moving up and down. She stated that she could also observe the baby's hand having slow, controlled, muscular movements, unlike the short jerky twitchy motions she had seen and learned to expect when the baby was already dead before it came out of the birth canal.

The *Dayton Daily News* reported this story on Sunday, December 10, 1989. In the *Daily News* Dr. Haskell described the event in question in this way: "it came out very quickly after I put the scissors up in the cervical canal and pierced the skull and spread the scissors apart. It popped right on out. . . . the previous two, I had to use the suction to collapse the skull."

Haskell also said Miss Brower "quite possibly" misinterpreted what happened in the abortion. Miss Brower, however, said she saw Dr. Haskell perform 15 abortions the day before and two others that morning. "So it's not like I hadn't seen any before," she said.

Dr. Haskell was questioned by the police. He maintains that when he does abortions he always causes the death of the fetus to occur just before delivery rather than after. The prosecutor did not bring charges.

Of course, if killing the unborn, at the moment when Haskell *openly admits* to the act, is not merely *not illegal* but rather a "fundamental right," it would be remarkable for virtually the same act to constitute legal homicide a few seconds later. *Legal* homicide or not, however, it would seem clear that a direct, intentional, and lethal assault on a human fetus must constitute a *homicide-in-fact* in that old-fashioned, as-long-as-words-have-meanings sense that even our federal judges are not quite able to change. It would be rather surprising if, here or there, some abortionist did not proceed to act on the logical basis that the result is the same whether one kills the fetus and then takes it out or takes it out and then kills it.

At present, good people in America are working to undo a decree that has transformed an entire class of human beings into constitutional outlaws suitable for discretionary killing. The idea that something so grandiose and Platonic as "choice" will be lost to our people if this killing is prohibited is as ludicrous as suggesting that the American people are already deprived of the same ideal by the prohibition of burglary or rape. The abortion struggle is of pivotal importance for humanity because it is about the value of human life and the value of truth. If that seems too abstract, then consider a more concrete approach: Recall that it is also about crushing unborn babies' skulls and ask whether or not it is OK to do that.

—MICHAEL R. HEAPHY, M.D.

human life are sacred (in a secular as well as religious sense). This provoked a counter attack by moral traditionalists, too late to stop *Roe* but in time to beat the even more radical ERA. For a time it seemed that the counter-revolution would succeed, but with the *Casey* decision these hopes have turned to dust.

The Broader War

WE MORAL traditionalists must learn from this disaster; the abortion war is primarily a cultural one, and it cannot be won by simply asserting that abortion is immoral. The immediate strategy must be to stress the ways in which our abortion laws have gone wild, and to support alternative solutions to crisis pregnancies.

The first step has recently been advocated by Hadley Arkes [*NR*, Oct. 5]. Rather than directly join the battle on first principles, we should begin by asking what restrictions on our abortion laws, currently the most liberal in the Western world, are plainly sensible. The most obvious one is parental notification: to oppose involving parents in a teenage girl's crisis pregnancy means that—*as a society*—we trust the judgment of a girl who has already made one mistake more than we do that of her parents; we assume that families are burdens, not assets, in a personal crisis.

This is the logic of a pro-choice position, for radical choice implies that all relations—family, church, community, as well as motherhood—are barriers to self-fulfillment, unless the individual actively chooses them. Moreover, parental notification does reduce teen abortion, both because parents are often willing to provide an alternative and because, presumably, girls are less likely to risk getting pregnant if it can't be kept a secret. The teen abortion rate dropped 21 per cent in Minnesota after a 1981 parental-notification law, rose when the law was blocked by the courts, and fell again when the Supreme Court denied the challenge. A parental-consent law in Massachusetts led to a 15 per cent drop in teen abortions. These are meaningful victories: almost half the teenagers obtaining abortion do so without parental knowledge, and teenagers account for a quarter of all abortions.

In *Abortion Rites: A Social History of Abortion in America*, Marvin Olasky notes that the abortion rate among the non-slave population before the Civil War was about the same as today's; the problem was solved by no-nonsense Victorian social activism. While they worked for laws against abortion, the Victorian reformers also engaged in social work—identifying the "at-risk" social groups, and providing institutions that made the moral path easier: boarding houses, refuges, adoption services. As Mr. Olasky points out, similar reformers are a major part of today's pro-life movement. Mary Cunningham Agee's Nurturing Network, mentioned above, targets career women; other pro-life centers help 700,000 women a year through crisis pregnancies. There is a whole network of hostels for unwed expectant and new mothers, including some associated with Jerry Falwell. This movement deserves more notice and public support for its own sake, and also to help give the lie to the image of pro-lifers as concerned with children up to the moment of birth, but not afterwards.

Mr. Olasky also points out that the Victorians stressed the dangers of abortions, and the suffering of women who have them. There is considerable anecdotal evidence on these questions in our day. Every time reporters investigate legal abortion, they find stories as horrible as the back alley/coathanger ones that pro-choicers constantly recount—everything from "counseling" that includes blatant lies about fetal development to institutionalized malpractice like routinely using dangerous levels of anesthesia in order to do more abortions per hour. At Hillview Women's Surgical Center in Suitland, Maryland, *60 Minutes* found evidence of one death, one "accident" that forced a hysterectomy, and another that left a woman comatose. The Center's owner had been run out of Washington, D.C. for operating an unlicensed abortion clinic; she had moved to Maryland, which like most states has no laws regulating clinics.

Indeed, pro-choicers oppose the most basic health regulations, Meredith Veira of *60 Minutes* reported, for fear "that the pro-lifers will then use those regulations as a backdoor way to stop abortions." Barbara Radford, spokesman for the National Abortion Federation, explained, "We want to make sure that women have choices when it comes to abortion services. And if you regulate too strictly, you deny women the access to service." (Sound economics, anyway.) Nat Hentoff notes that Maryland does have an abortion law—exempting physicians from civil and criminal liability for "good faith" abortions.

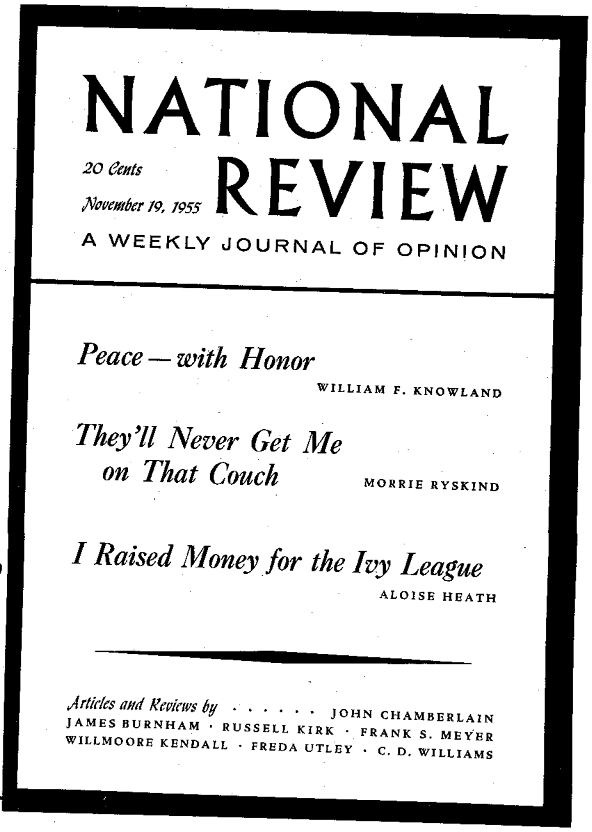
There is also much anecdotal evidence of emotional trauma, sometimes life-long, after an abortion. The largest support/activist group, Women Exploited by Abortion, claims well over 200,000 members. David Reardon's *Aborted Women: Silent No More* is only one of many accounts of the psychological and physical traumas that women face after abortions; even many overtly pro-choice oral histories admit the problem.

Surgeon General C. Everett Koop's report, broadly trumpeted, on post-abortion traumas concluded that there was no scientific evidence that women suffered, physically or mentally, in the aftermath of an abortion. In fact, Dr. Koop could not produce any such evidence because all the studies were methodologically flawed. There is no orderly record-keeping, and little immediate (and no long-term) follow-up. Probably the best thing about the *Casey* decision is that it allows Pennsylvania to require follow-up and accurate record-keeping. In a few years, we may know how many women actually encounter problems, physical or mental, months or years after an abortion. Just as studies of the economic effects on women of no-fault divorce are leading to some reform of that disastrous "reform," so might some accounting of the real cost of abortion help turn this clock back.

There are also non-political approaches. The de Moss foundation has run one series of television advertisements promoting adoption and will soon start another. The ads simply show happy adopted children, without mentioning the alternative. But the implicit message—that someone wants your child if you are unable to keep it—infuriates pro-choicers. Hence the spate of articles in women's magazines on the horrors of adoption.

In the long term, the counter-revolutionists must await, and attempt to hasten, fairly radical social change—to unseat the social ideal of radical individualism that recognizes no restraints such as family and commu-

And Bill Buckley Said "Let There be Right." And There was Right. And the Right was Good.



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nity—whether that is achieved by persuading or displacing the elite that fostered that ideal. This is an enormous task, but time is on our side. To begin with, younger baby-boomers are now settling down; marriage and parenthood will automatically change their views to some extent. Wirthlin's poll found that married people with children are markedly more socially conservative than other categories. Single people without children described themselves as pro-choice/pro-life in a ratio of 69 to 28, married with children, 42 to 47 (and remember that most people think "pro-choice" is a very big tent). Childless singles opposed by 55 to 44 amending the Constitution to protect the right of the unborn child; married parents came down 52 to 40 in favor.

Finally, if traditional morality is an accurate description of the best pursuit of human happiness, and the new morality a misguided dream, then all we need do is ask our fellow Americans to reflect on our common experience. Plainly, liberation has not lived up to its sales pitch. Today's women are not as happy as the feminists promised; many of them are poorer and more lonely. The fruits of the sexual revolution include explosions of child abuse, child poverty, and female poverty, particularly among older women (whose husbands left them for 20-year-olds). Feminism—and radical individualism generally—is a bust outside academia and the activist groups, and even there fierce revisionism has set in. The hot thing in political theory is communitarianism—a movement that explicitly supports the traditional family and whose leaders include Mary Ann Glendon, perhaps our leading debunker of radical individualism in the context of abortion.

Americans tolerate 1.6 million abortions each year (more than a third the number of live births) not because we think abortion is moral; we deliberately refuse to face up to the moral character of abortion because morality no longer seems to serve our interests. The missing piece of the puzzle is the link between the moral life and the happy one. Life without abortion is often more difficult; life with abortion promises to be easier. But in the end it creates its own problems. And in a sense not meant by whoever coined the phrase, living well is the best revenge. ☐

But What if He Wins?

THE GROWING OF GEORGE BUSH

The only thing to be said about Bush II is that it would be better than Clinton I.

JOHN PODHORETZ

GEORGE BUSH will doubtless consider an election-day victory a profound personal vindication. For months he has been alone among the senior members of his Administration, his party, and the media in believing he will win on November 3, so his triumph will be triply sweet. And someone who believes himself so thoroughly vindicated will also feel thoroughly liberated as he begins his second term—freer, perhaps, than any other politician in modern times.

This idea might be hard to fathom, since by any rational accounting Bush would enter a second term in an extraordinarily weak position. He will win, if he wins, as the inadvertent beneficiary of his nation's reluctance to install a Democrat in the White House.

Such a victory is no political mandate. But then, Bush has never wanted a "mandate"; he said as much at his first press conference as President-elect in 1988. Like Clinton, but for vastly different reasons, Bush decided the election should be a referendum on his character and fitness to be President. That's why he has made "trust" the central issue of his campaign. *Do you trust me to be President?* That is the only question he is really asking the people to decide. A victory, no matter how narrow, will mean that Bush will have received a favorable response. And since he will have prevailed because he is Not Bill Clinton, and for no other reason, he will begin a second term having kept his one promise. He is his campaign promise embodied.

Under these conditions, his second term can be whatever he chooses it to be. He will be ideologically liberated from the core constituency of the Republican Party, because he will be well within his rights to believe that conservatives and conservative ideas played no role in winning him a second term. His embrace of "family values" in the summer failed to move his numbers in the polls, and by some reckonings even lowered them. From this he can certainly draw the conclusion that the American people are more liberal in "lifestyle" than they were during the Reagan years, that the social issues don't break for Republicans any more. Their promulgation at the Republican Convention got the party the worst press it has received since Watergate. Bush would be less than human if he did not wish to quiet the very vocal criticism he has received for being an intolerant, gay-bashing antagonist of poor and suffering single mothers.

Keeping His Distance

HE WILL also be free to keep the same sort of distance from the "empowerment" agenda—school choice, welfare reform, enterprise zones. Bush has invoked these cutting-edge ideas as the candidate of "change," but he is uncomfortable with them. They are actually fairly radical ideas, and Bush is an instinctual conservative when it comes to upsetting the status quo. And since "change," like "family values," was a poll-driven piece of political positioning that understandably went nowhere for him,

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Mr. Podhoretz is working on a book about the Bush White House.

he would hardly be obliged to push for "empowerment" after a successful outcome in November.

Worst of all, conservatives treated Mr. Bush with disrespect. That is something he cannot tolerate. He may be one of the nicest men ever to hold the office, but there is a limit even for him. It's not just that conservative dis-

Perot Redux

NOW THAT the debates have begun, a great deal could happen between the time I write this and the time you read it. I proceed therefore on a hypothesis and a bet.

The hypothesis: Polls are even more meaningless this year than in most years. National polls are especially worthless.

The bet: With two more senior men standing by Clinton on the platform, his youthful appearance and sincere, college-boy delivery will begin to diminish his stature as President Presumptive.

In other words, the race is not over. Despite running a campaign almost as insipid as his Administration, George Bush stands a chance of winning. Here are four reasons why.

Clinton's lead is soft. It dropped from 21 points to 9 in the 14 days before the first debate. While he holds commanding leads in some of the more important states, there is little enthusiasm for the ticket. Anecdotal evidence: in a Columbus weekend drive through three Northeastern states thought to be solidly pro-Clinton I saw only one yard sign and two bumper stickers for the Democrat (0 for Bush, 0 for Perot). Clinton's support is pro-change, not pro-Clinton; "change" is an idea, not a candidate, and ideas can be modified or reconsidered.

Perot will do better than anyone thinks. The morning "scores" of the first debate shows how volatile this campaign still is. If undecideds swing 2 to 1 for Perot, Clinton wins. If Perot does better than that, cutting into Clinton's lead, the President can hold a plurality. Remember: It's the Clinton negatives and Bush's weakness that left the door open for Perot to come back in. If Perot spends the money he says he's willing to spend, and if Clinton is too protective of his lead to go after him, history's most quixotic campaign could turn into a real challenge.

Bush's Republican support has solidified. "Our people have come home," says a Republican strategist. The core conservative vote may not be enthusiastic about Bush; it may even remain disgusted with him. But it's not going anywhere. And the Bush fear campaign against Clinton has at least mobilized Republicans to turn out.

Perot's re-entry means there are two Democrats in the race. I wrote an op-ed piece in the *New York Times* in April suggesting that the Democrats nominate Perot instead of Clinton because he was a Democrat more electable than their nominee. He still is a Democrat, albeit now an unelectable one, and anyone who doubts it only has to read his book. While much of the rhetoric is dressed-up populism attacking the political establishment, the economic plan, much vaunted in the media, is Democratic to the core, which is why it is much vaunted. The plan was largely conceived by a Jimmy Carter appointee who served in the Office of Management and Budget, so it comes as no surprise that many economists believe that it could lead to a depression. The Clinton people say that there's not too much difference between their plan and Perot's, and they're right.

Many commentators have suggested that being attacked on two fronts will only worsen Bush's chances. I don't think so. The Republican voters who rejected Bush early on already know everything negative about him; among colleagues and friends they've probably said more harsh things about the Bush Administration than the Democrats, Perot, and even Dan Rather put together. For those that have come home, another shift is unlikely, especially when there is nobody to shift to.

So why did Perot do it, if his reentry could mean the re-election of his nemesis, George Bush?

The reason, like the man, is simple. Everybody would like to write his own obituary. Perot had done an excellent job of writing his. It was largely on the basis of his perceived accomplishments and his charm that he was catapulted into the race to begin with. Then came the withdrawal, and the memorable *Newsweek* cover with the headline: "The Quitter." Suddenly Ross Perot was no longer the writer of his own obituary, and it was very easy to see the first lines other people would write. For a man in whom the words "control freak" reach their hypostatization, this is a far more urgent matter than mere personal pique against a President (after all, there have been a lot of Presidents) or the future of a well-known nation-state on the North American land mass in the later years of the twentieth century. No, this is really important: this is about *history*. However personally distasteful it might be, Ross Perot simply had no choice.

Ross Perot likes to say, with a kind of impish twist of his head, "To know me is to love me." He used that line when he stepped in front of the cameras to save Robert Teeter from an embarrassing question in his already embarrassingly obsequious embassy to the Perot "volunteers" in September.

Well, I do know Ross Perot. In late June I actually went to Dallas and pitched in for a few weeks (which alone may have been enough to drive him out of the race). And, after getting to know him better, I became as frightened as he apparently was of the possibility of his being elected President of the United States.

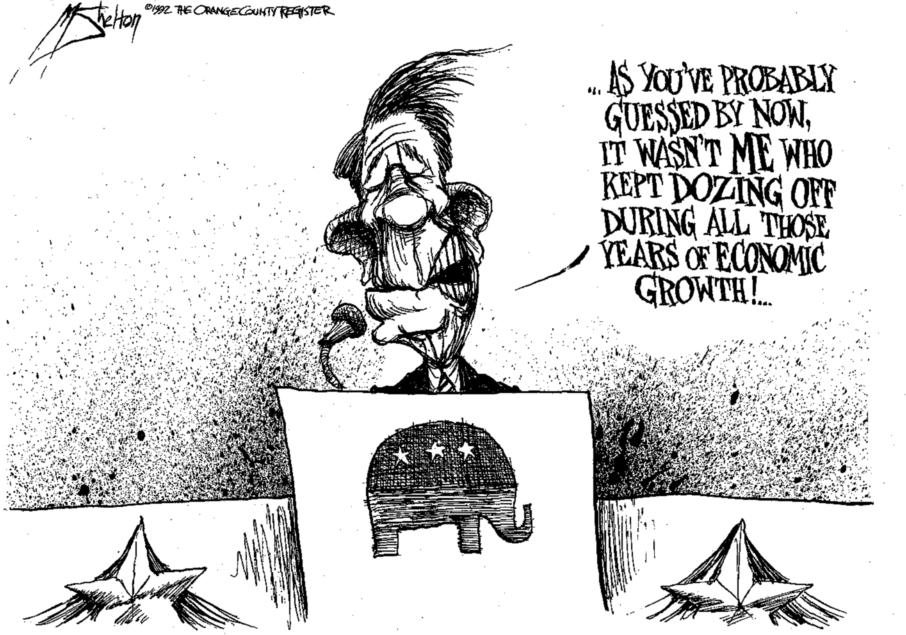
But now, if he plays his role to the hilt, it may well serve two purposes, and he and I will both be happy. He'll get back control over his obituary ("He ran the most successful independent race for the Presidency in American history"). And I'll get to watch the Democratic Party go down for four straight.

Take this for analysis or take it for fantasy. In this topsy-turvy election year, it's hard to tell one from the other anyway. —WICK ALLISON

Mr. Allison is an NR *Contributing Editor.*

affection with the Administration has been so public and damaging for him. Perhaps more important, conservatives have behaved in a fashion he considers rude, while he believes he has always dealt with them with great personal respect. (That they care more about ideas than personal relationships is one of the many differences they have with the President.)

Though this may be a bitter pill for conservatives to swallow, the President probably *should* marginalize them. The kind of public disloyalty they have displayed this year almost requires that they be punished. Conservatives will effectively be silenced, because they will have little access to the media once Bush has proved them wrong.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"...AS YOU'VE PROBABLY GUESSED BY NOW, IT WASN'T ME WHO KEPT DOZING OFF DURING ALL THOSE YEARS OF ECONOMIC GROWTH!..."

So, freed of his ideological shackles, and never again having to face the electorate, Bush may find himself in what is (for him) a truly enviable position. He can do pretty much as he likes. The only problem will be the weakness of a mandate-less Presidency and the leadership of a party in critical condition. But, interestingly enough, that could prove to be his true liberation.

How so? Consider how he might deal with Congress. Bush will be unable to get legislation or judicial nominees through Congress unless he plays a genuinely cooperative game. Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell and House Speaker Tom Foley have already demonstrated their intention to keep White House legislation bottled up, and Senate Judiciary Committee chief Joseph Biden has made it clear that he will block judicial appointments if the White House does not allow him an expansive advisory role.

And if the Democrats should garner more seats in either House, Bush's veto threat will be increasingly hollow. That also increases the likelihood of backroom dealing: If Congress can successfully override his veto, it would be pointless for the President to spend his second term as a eunuch, bereft of his check-and-balance.

Here is the liberation: Bush *likes* haggling with Congress. The former Texas Representative truly enjoys the company of members of Congress and is at great pains to reassure them of his good will every time he feels obliged to fight against them. In September, when he was bashing Congress at every campaign event, he took the amazing step of inviting some of the Democratic leaders to the White House for a friendly drink. It was classic Bush—an effort to use his extraordinary personal gracefulness to sweeten the bitter pill of his political assault. The meaning of the event escaped no one—he was inviting them to join him in a friendly conspiracy. *We know it's all just politics. You have to do what you have to do. But when it's over, we can still be pals.*

In many ways they have already been pals this term. For most of the time, Bush and Congress have had an implicit deal. They could run rampant and send him irresponsible legislation. He would then veto it, taking on the roles of Bad Guy (to their Democratic constituencies) and Tough Guy (to his Republican constituency). And they would be saved from fiscal and political ruination.

A New Deal

IT HAS BEEN a bad deal for Bush, who may like the Tough Guy posture but certainly doesn't like being cast as the Bad Guy. His second-term weakness will relieve him of both roles. Instead, with conservatives far away and kept quiet by the major media, he can use his final four years to Grow.

The temptation to Grow has been especially strong in Reagan/Bush Washington, where the media joins with ideological interest groups and a hostile Congress to bash Administration leaders for their heartlessness on the paramount issues of the day. Which issues? It doesn't matter, as long as they are new and newsworthy—the 1980s saw the rise of the homeless, domestic violence, and most especially AIDS.

It was AIDS that led to the rehabilitation of that paragon of political Growth, Surgeon General C. Everett Koop. Koop was a neonatologist who got his post because of his strong pro-life stance; his appointment in 1981 was protested by liberal groups who insisted he was a New Right crazy.

Koop took office and almost immediately began to Grow. His method for Growing was to ignore the role of personal responsibility in health issues. He began attacking the tobacco lobby for promoting cigarette smoking—a wildly successful campaign, especially since it located the problem not with those who smoke but with the unfeeling corporate entities that drove them to it. When he succeeded there, he took his greatest step toward growth in wholeheartedly becoming the ally and spokesman of the AIDS lobby. He accepted their contention that AIDS was not a consensual epidemic but a virus that, left unchecked, would spread like wildfire through the heterosexual world. He joined with them lock, stock, and barrel, and was converted by the media into an instant American hero.

Koop no doubt believed everything he said, but had he made a cynical decision to improve his press he could not have done a better job. And the lesson was not lost on anybody in Republican circles then or now. If you cease being controversial, "they" will leave you alone. If you join with them, "they" will lionize you.

Bush has had an unsatisfying first term, denied the fruits of his labors by critics on all sides. Democrats say he destroyed the economy by inattention; conservatives say he destroyed it by agreeing to the budget deal and by excessive regulation. The press and much of public opinion accuse him of taking an unholy interest in people's reproductive decisions. Without the ideological grounding to defend himself from these charges, and without the core conviction that his controversial stands are right, Bush will certainly Grow. By the rules of Growth, it is hard to say which issue he will use, for it will have to be fresh, a *scandale du jour*. And in that *scandale du jour*, he will join with establishment and elite opinion on matters of public policy. The time has come to stop playing politics, he will say, and they will praise him for his Growth. Conservatives will be appalled, but they will be voiceless.

It is possible, given the way the public debate is going, that Mr. Bush's Growth will come in the form of a serious and radical effort to cut the deficit. That was the subject of his last Growth bout, and it won him acclaim from the elite even though the tax increases therein have been the greatest disaster of his Presidency. But he will not be playing to the crowds; he will, as Presidents do, play for the history books.

To that end, he will, with Jim Baker's help, focus unceasing attention on his one chance for the Nobel Prize—a comprehensive Middle East peace plan. The key to the Bush–Baker plan is a Syrian peace with Israel, and that could get very expensive for the United States—Syria knows that Egypt has profited greatly both in foreign aid and in debt forgiveness from the Camp David Accords.

If Bush can pull off both these things—a successful peace initiative combined with some very public Growth—he will leave office after his second term significantly happier than he has been in the declining days of his first. The whole idea may be physically nauseating to conservatives, but as Bob Dylan put it, you don't need to be a weatherman to know which way the wind blows. And whether Bush or Clinton wins the Presidency, the times they are a-changin'. ☐

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THE HUNT FOR RED IN OCTOBER

The file former CIA chief George Bush must wish he had had before the first debate.

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

KGB Moscow
Topski Secretski
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File on American Mole

JANUARY 1970—Subject is lured to make visit of Soviet Union by our Oxford agent, who tells him about "exciting" Moscow girls. Subject extremely eager to make visit but says he has spent all his money on Elvis records. Tickets and money arranged by Oxford agent as part of "international youth understanding exchange" program.

Subject arrives Moscow, immediately demands to see exciting Moscow girls. Agent 38-22-36 is assigned to case. Reports immediate success, says that subject will enthusiastically work to undermine U.S. imperialism and to promote World Socialism as long as Agent 38-22-36 can be his control officer. Is given Deep Cover Codename Elvis after decadent American singer. Agrees to keep KGB Directorate regularly supplied with disgusting Elvis record albums.

February 1970—Elvis is told to foment anti-U.S. sentiment at Oxford. Unfortunately he displays tendency to give long speeches, causing anti-U.S. crowds to disperse in direction of nearest pub. Insists Agent 38-22-36 make regular visits to "debrief" him.

Elvis is urged to go home, join U.S. military, rise through the ranks, and become Chairman of Joint Chiefs of Staff. Plan fails when he reveals he has taken elaborate and irreversible steps to avoid any kind of military service, even Coast Guard. Demands to see Agent 38-22-36, tells her that he was careful to retain his "viability within the [American political] system." Is good.

August 1970—Returns to U.S. Enrolment in Yale Law School easily arranged through our many high-level agents at Yale. Is told to foment anti-U.S. sentiment at Yale. Reports that Yale is already extremely anti-U.S., demands meeting with Agent 38-22-36. Neglects to report that he has married. Big trouble when wife encounters Agent 38-22-36 during debriefing.

1973—Is told to enter government and undermine proletariat's confidence in U.S. Government. Reports that proletariat already thoroughly disgusted by U.S. Government but will run for Congress anyway, from Arkansas, militarily and otherwise insignificant state west of Mississippi River. Loses.

1979—Becomes governor. Is urged to ignite the anger of the proletariat by raising their taxes.

1981—Succeeds too brilliantly in igniting the anger of the proletariat and loses re-election. West Mississippi Region KGB Resident directed to begin disinformation campaign blaming loss on his wife.

1983—Elvis again elected governor. Is instructed to anger the proletariat more carefully this time. Also instructed to pollute American watershed by urging local industrialist tools to divert massive amounts of fecal coliform bacteria into Arkansas River.

July 1988—Our many agents within U.S. Democratic Party arrange for Elvis to make "keynote" speech at National Convention. A special team of experts from Moscow Institute of Rhetorical Brevity is infiltrated into Little Rock by submarine to urge him to keep speech short.

Effort fails spectacularly. Prospects for advancement to higher levels of U.S. Government now in serious doubt. Crew of Soviet submarine dies from exposure to fecal coliform bacteria. Awarded Order of Lenin posthumously in private ceremony.

March 1992—Prospects improve as American Democratic electorate decides not to nominate another Greek.

KGB telephone surveillance tape of intimate conversation between Elvis and unidentified female sex-partner is sold by disreputable KGB clerk to American "tabloid paper." Big problem. Special polygraph-defeating unit is infiltrated into Little Rock by submarine just in case. Crew of submarine mutinies when they discover they are surrounded by toxic chicken excretions in Arkansas River; force submarine commander to turn back.

Americans decide they don't care about female sex-partner, only economy. Submarine crew shot.

October 1992—Big problem: Special "Oppo" Unit of American President Bush's campaign team discovers that one of our many agents within the U.S. State Department has removed incriminating pages from Elvis's passport file. Leaks to press. American FBI investigating.

Top KGB Directorate meets to decide whether to "burn" Elvis before he is "blown" as a Soviet mole. Some say, "We're not Communists any more. Why do we need a mole in U.S.?" Others say, "Are you crazy? I give Yeltsin six months, then—Stalin again. Go for it."

Two decisions are reached: 1) dispatch another Special Unit from the Moscow Institute for Rhetorical Brevity, this time by parachutes from airplane; 2) destroy this file, which a disreputable KGB clerk could sell to the American press for CD players and Madonna books. □

Mr. Buckley is the editor of FYI *and author of several subversive books. A longer version of this piece was published in the* Los Angeles Times.

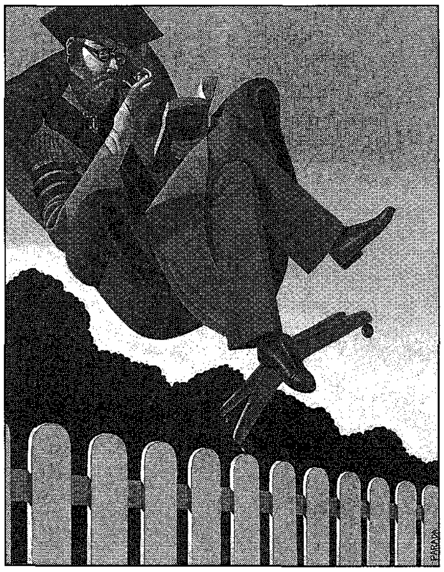
BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Dead Center: The Myth of the Middle

TERRY TEACHOUT

LAST FEBRUARY, *Time* published "The Fraying of America," an essay by Robert Hughes devoted mainly to a ferocious attack on multiculturalism, the political-correctness movement, and particularly Afrocentrism. According to Hughes, these enterprises are not merely intellectually fraudulent ("To plow through the literature of Afrocentrism is to enter a world of claims . . . so absurd that they lie beyond satire") but, if allowed to "Balkanize" our common culture, could actually endanger democracy.

Which is all old news, but the fact that Hughes chose to say it, and in the pages of *Time*, did come as a surprise. Could it be that Robert Hughes has moved to the right? Not exactly. According to him, conservatives pose an equal if opposite threat to the good, the true, and the beautiful. Hughes sees the American Right and the PC movement (which I shall use here as shorthand for the whole constellation of political and intellectual ideas associated with the term "multiculturalism") as "two puritan sects, one masquerading as conservative, the other posing as revolutionary but using academic complaint as a way of evading engagement in the real world." In the center, we are given to understand, stands Robert Hughes, lonely defender of the West.


Roberto Parada

In fact, Hughes is not quite so lonely as he'd have us think. Standing shoulder to shoulder with him is Frederick Crews, whose latest book, *The Critics Bear It Away: American Fiction and the Academy*, is a collection of tough-minded essays in which the PC approach to literary criticism is drawn, quartered, and dumped by the side of the road. Yet Crews, like Hughes, does not wish to be thought of as a conservative, and so he has appended to his book a seemingly irrelevant attack on William Bennett, Lynne Cheney, Roger Kimball, and the late Allan Bloom—apparently designed to prove to his faculty-lounge colleagues in Berkeley that he is still, occasional fits of heterodoxy notwithstanding, a man of the cultural center:

> I reject the rightists' apocalyptic account of the current state of criticism, whose complexities altogether escape them. To hear them tell it, something comparable in gravity and finality to the 1949 "loss of China" is occurring before our eyes. . . . It is an old story, really: academics who sense that their hour has passed, or malcontents who have failed to find or keep the academic careers they once dreamed of, have always identified their outmoded school of thought with the lost cause of civilization itself.

Another prominent cultural centrist is Arthur Schlesinger Jr., whose *The Disuniting of America: Reflections on a Multicultural Society* is as straightforward in its condemnation of the "doctrinaire ethnicity" of the PC movement as it is silent about conservative opposition to PC. Schlesinger refers to American conservatives only once in his book: "Panicky conservatives, fearful that the republic is over the hill, call for a constitutional amendment to make English the official language of the United States." Reading Schlesinger's book, you'd never suspect that the Right had anything whatsoever to contribute to the current debate over American culture.

The cultural center is also home to a number of ageing leftists who suffer from anxious second thoughts about the fruits of their lifelong labors. Alfred Kazin, for instance, recently blasted the new left-wing cultural orthodoxy: "In the name of class–race–gender equality, teachers and students all over America are now being trained in such intolerance to defame and exclude those who do not follow the party line . . . the cultural damage seems irrevocable." Having gotten this grievance off his chest, Kazin hastens to remind us that he hates conservatism as much as he hates PC: "Don't think for a moment that the Right is more public-spirited than our academic ideologues." As proof that all conservatives are "illiberal" and thus unacceptable to right-thinking Americans, he places in evidence Antonin Scalia's "indifference to 'restorative justice' for blacks." No other examples are forthcoming.

It begins to look as if the center is getting a trifle crowded. Plenty of other high-powered Left-liberal types have pitched their tents there: Harold Bloom, Christopher Lasch, Yale professor David Bromwich, even the ineffable Camille Paglia. There are times when whole issues of *The New Republic* seem to have been written by such folk. Some are no doubt sincere in their belief that conservatives are congenitally unfit to defend high culture. Others, like Henry Louis Gates Jr., Harvard's own academic-fashion consultant, look as if they're working both sides of the street. A couple of years ago, Gates was celebrating the "sexual carnivalesque" of 2 Live Crew on the op-ed page of the *New York Times*. He has obviously wet a finger and tested the wind since then, as can be seen by examining the dustjacket of his new book, the coyly titled *Loose Can-*

Mr. Teachout is the author of City Limits: Memories of a Small-Town Boy. *He is writing a biography of H. L. Mencken.*

ons: Notes on the Culture War, which assures potential readers that Gates "avoid[s] the stridency of both the Right and the Left."

To be sure, this charge to the center is progress—of a sort. The original liberal reaction to the tidal wave of left-wing intolerance that has swept over so many American colleges and universities, after all, was to pretend that it didn't exist. Prior to the publication of the first large-scale articles on PC to appear in the mainstream press, *Newsweek*'s "Taking Offense" (December 24, 1990) and *New York* magazine's "Are You Politically Correct?" (January 21, 1991), right-wing critics were virtually alone in arguing that the American academy was undergoing a cultural revolution. For months after *Newsweek* and *New York* entered the fray, many liberals continued to regard PC as a figment of the conservative imagination. Even now, it is far from uncommon for liberals not connected with the academy to dismiss talk of a "culture war" as implicitly fascist.

American academics, liberal and conservative alike, knew from the start that PC was no myth, though most, afraid of purge or ostracism, were unwilling to criticize it publicly. By now, though, there has been far too much journalistic coverage of PC to make outright denial tenable. Thanks to books like Roger Kimball's *Tenured Radicals* and Dinesh D'Souza's *Illiberal Education*, the horror stories that once circulated among conservatives by word of mouth are now so widely known that any reasonably well-read person, whatever his political persuasion, can tell you all about Stanley Fish's latest assault on free speech, or the outrages against common sense committed at the Modern Language Association's last convention. Also widely known is the fact that the victims of PC include liberals like Stephan Thernstrom as well as conservatives like Carol Iannone. Yet a great many liberal intellectuals still insist that conservative opposition to PC is somehow tainted at the source, that the only acceptable position from which to defend Western culture is a hypothetical "center," which liberals alone are fit to occupy.

Sound familiar? Conservatives have been here before, as Jean-François Revel points out in his 1988 book *The Flight from Truth*:

> During the twentieth century democratic societies have been threatened and in some cases overwhelmed by two totalitarian foes determined by doctrine and by interest do them in: Nazism and Communism. They managed to get rid of the first at the cost of a world war. . . . Nevertheless, the Left successfully foisted upon us the bizarre myth that the two totalitarianisms were still equally active, equally present, equally dangerous. . . . No denunciation of Communism coming from old-fashioned "liberals" will be able to slip through the ideological customs check of the Left unless it is accompanied by a countervailing denunciation of a fascist abuse.

Note the similarity to the emerging party line of the cultural centrists. Tenured radicals are turning America's institutions of higher learning into stalags of state-subsidized sensitivity fascism. Liberals, frightened by the frank antinomianism of the enemy, have begun at last to speak out. Yet they cling stubbornly to the notion that there are two equally ominous threats to high culture, one from the Left and one from the Right.

Now, there certainly are right-wing zealots afoot, but they are mainly interested in such things as abortion, free condoms, and prayer in the schools, not deconstruction, phallocentrism, and clitoral hermeneutics. Pat Buchanan doesn't want Stanley Fish charbroiled at high noon in the quadrangle of Bob Jones University. Indeed, far too many conservative politicians—Jack Kemp is a case in point—seem to take no interest whatsoever in culture.

Why, then, do many liberals barely acknowledge the existence of, much less join forces with, conservative intellectuals who oppose PC? Precisely because they are liberals. Liberals always seek what they believe to be the center of any political conflict. Have you ever known a liberal who didn't think of himself as a moderate? Like all politicians, they reflexively split the difference as a way of restoring consensus. The idea of choosing sides in the culture war makes them intensely uncomfortable.

But the culture war is not just a political conflict. It is also, as Gertrude Himmelfarb says, a "moral divide," a battle in which one side is right, the other profoundly wrong. Liberals are typically at their worst in such battles, where no consensus position exists or can exist. History teaches us that neither classical liberalism, with its radi-

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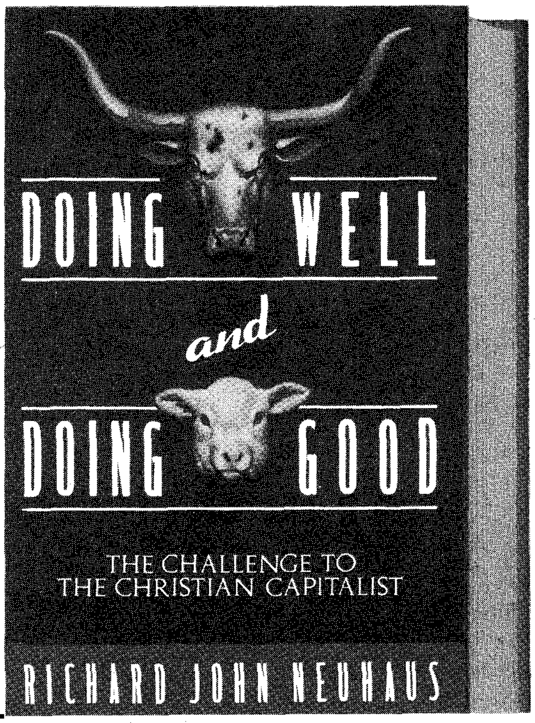

cal tolerance of all competing values, nor rationalist liberalism, with its equally radical insistence that opponents of right reason are never evil but merely misinformed, can supply the moral basis for effective resistance to evil. And PC, in its purest forms, is evil—evil of a peculiarly modern kind. Robert Conquest contends that the essence of PC is "the damaging notion that everything is a struggle for power, or being empowered, or hegemony, or oppression; and that all competition is a zero-sum game. This is no more than repetition of Lenin's destructive doctrine."

Anthony Powell has remarked that the liberal failure to come to grips with the realities of Soviet Communism was "surely the true 'Treason of the Intellectuals.'" The "moderate men of all shades of opinion" whom Powell's friend Malcolm Muggeridge learned to despise during his pre-war tour of duty as an editorial writer for the *Manchester Guardian* proved equally impotent in the face of German expansionism. They knew (or most of them did) that Adolf Hilter was evil, but their resistance to Nazism was ineffective, in large part because they insisted that it could be opposed from the "center." They sought, in essence, to split the difference between Hitler and Churchill. That today's cultural centrists are making the same mistake about PC is suggested by this dismally squishy paragraph from *The Disuniting of America*:

> I don't want to sound apocalyptic about these developments. Education is always in ferment, and a good thing too. Schools and colleges have always been battlegrounds for debates over beliefs, philosophies, values. The situation in our universities, I am confident, will soon right itself once the great silent majority of professors cry "enough" and challenge what they know to be voguish nonsense.

Starting when, Mr. Schlesinger? Don't you understand why all those nice professors are hiding under desks? This is not a polite debate over different styles of intellectual discourse. It's a struggle for power, the power to teach the young and shape the culture.

None of this is to suggest that everybody to the right of Arthur Schlesinger Jr. is doing an exemplary job of battling the cultural barbarians. George Bush's bland jabber about "family values," as pollster Richard Wirthlin explains, is no help: "If you overplay values, you get backlash . . . they have little political worth unless they are rooted in something that is concrete: policy or the attributes of an Administration." The White House, incapable of formulating a cultural policy and lacking any distinctive intellectual attributes, instead parades Barbara Bush's grandchildren on prime-time TV and hints broadly that Hillary Clinton serves newborn babies in a chafing dish.

At the other pole of conservative error is Pat Buchanan. When he trumpets the existence of "a religious war . . . for the soul of America," he implicitly excludes from the ranks of the sufficiently virtuous those Americans who oppose cultural totalitarianism but whose religious convictions differ from his own. Moreover, his harsh, hectoring tone is counterproductive. Says William Bennett, whose Convention speech was justly praised for its cogent framing of the "values" issue: "We shouldn't go at this thing as if it were the forces of light against the forces of darkness. Where lines are to be drawn, draw them. Be clear, be unambiguous—but don't be snide." The culture war still awaits its Ronald Reagan, a politician capable of setting forth an affirmative vision of traditional American cultural values, one who does not threaten the uncertain with anathema but invites them to take part in a battle for the greater good.

But if Pat Buchanan snidely draws the line of inclusion too far to the right, then Messrs. Hughes, Crews, Schlesinger, Kazin & Co. smugly draw it too far to the left. They would be more honest were they to draw it slightly to the right of the "center" they pretend to occupy. For there is no center in the culture war. You cannot compromise with a totalitarian movement—you can only fight it. Conservatives cannot win the war to reclaim America's cultural institutions by themselves. But the only liberals who will be of any use to them are the ones who understand that in this war, as in the cold war, there are no enemies on the responsible Right. ☐

How Communism Fell

JOHN GRAY

The Final Revolution: The Resistance Church and the Collapse of Communism, by George Weigel (Oxford, 272 pp., $22.50)

WESTERN OPINION, even among conservatives, remains remarkably confused as to the ultimate causes of the collapse of Soviet Communism. Among the Western liberal *nomenklatura*, as among Western Sovietologists, there has been a deafening silence. For these embodiments of the conventional wisdom, the Soviet collapse must remain a mystery, since it demolishes every pillar that supports their view of the world. They continue to cling to the Enlightenment, with its animating mythology of global betterment, and similar pieties of secular humanism. For this reason, it is unprofitable to expect illumination on this question from Western liberals, who are now palpably bereft of any remotely coherent world view, and who increasingly resemble the fundamentalist zealots of our age, whose inherited traditions have been shattered by the traumas of modernity.

What is surprising is the feeble response of much of right-of-center opinion to the Soviet collapse. Among neo-liberals, the disastrously low productivity, and consequent Third World living standards, of the Soviet regimes are cited as accounting for their demise—forgetting that poverty had characterized the Soviet regime itself for generations, and had been exported by it to formerly prosperous countries such as Czechoslovakia, without producing a political crisis in any Communist system. Among neo-conservatives, a more plausible explanation is often offered—that *perestroika* was occasioned by the Soviet rulers' perception that, despite dedicating around half of their GNP to the military-industrial complex, and despite making considerable advances in several areas of military technology, they

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Mr. Gray, a fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, wrote this piece as Stranahan Distinguished Fellow at the Social Philosophy and Policy Center, Bowling Green, Ohio.

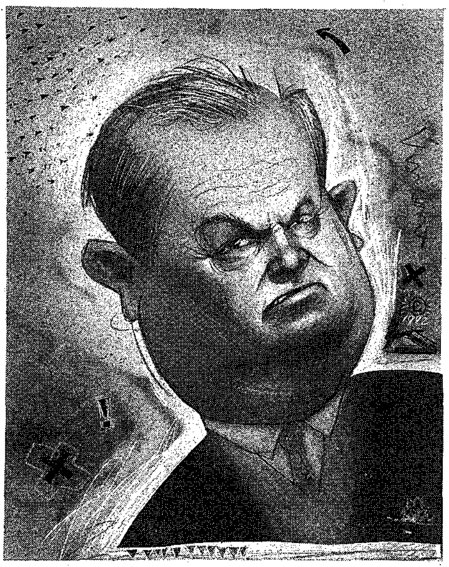
could not replicate the Reagan Star Wars program without a major restructuring of the economy. This account is sound as far as it goes, but it too fails to explain why Gorbachev's reform project provoked a crisis of the entire regime. What all these strands of right-leaning opinion—especially the neo-liberal—do not recognize is that all the Communist regimes lacked popular political legitimacy and were bound to collapse as soon as the will to rule by terror faltered in the Leninist elites. More particularly, much mainstream conservative opinion—in this respect, at least, like conventional liberal opinion—fails to perceive that the illegitimacy of the Communist regimes derived in large part from their being animated by an ideology of radical secular humanism that was, and is, rejected by the vast majority of their subjects—Christian, Jewish, Buddhist, and Muslim. It seems that the fact that the Communist regimes fell because of their atheism not only trespasses the limits of Western liberal *glasnost* but also eludes the understanding of Western libertarian disciples of Mises and Hayek.

George Weigel's book is an invaluable corrective to the pervasive Western myopia regarding the spiritual dimensions of the Soviet collapse, showing brilliantly the indispensable role played in that decomposition by the Catholic and other Christian churches and, above all, by the present Pope. It contains the most authoritative and comprehensive history to date of the crucial contribution of the resistance Church to the downfall of Communism, together with a subtle and well-informed critique of Vatican diplomacy toward the Soviet bloc prior to the accession of Karol Wojtyla of Krakow to the Holy See.

Aside from its value as a history of this extraordinary period, Weigel's book contains a helpful analysis of the myriad forms of secular millenarianism—of which Soviet Marxism-Leninism is only the most recent and the most stupendous—whereby the transcendental needs that are denied by modern rationalism achieve an almost Freudian return of the repressed. The book is significant, most of all, however, for the evidences it provides for a truth one need not be a Catholic or even a Christian to recognize. This is a truth witnessed by Whittaker Chambers, notably, among others—that, when we are confronted by a totalitarian enemy the essence of whose strategy is the denial of transcendence, we will prevail against it only if our resistance is sustained by an affirmation of that very same transcendence. Communism was not defeated by the tepid half-truths of Western liberalism, but by the unflinching transcendental commitment of the captive nations themselves. □

Unconditional Surrender

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.



Vincent Lacava

ALL THE early reviews of this book that I have seen have made a point of distinguishing sharply between the biographical subject and his writings. The work remains (rather amazingly) praiseworthy in polite company, while Waugh himself earns obligatory condemnation as a reactionary, a snob, and a religious bigot. A number of reviewers have insisted that Evelyn Waugh was nobody you would want to entertain in your home. I disagree. I have the pleasure of knowing a few Wauvian characters, and wish I knew more. They are the only sort of people I take an interest in associating with, beyond a few game wardens, Western sheriffs, and a congenial barmaid or two.

Volume II of Martin Stannard's biography is in every way superior to Volume I, which was itself a distinguished example of its kind. This is the more remarkable given that the first half of Waugh's life (1903–39) was incomparably more colorful and interesting than the second, especially after 1945 when, as Stannard says, Waugh at the age of 42 began to become an old man. Returned from the war, Waugh locked himself away behind the formidable gates of Piers Court. His sorties abroad were more conventional and less amusing than before; he went up to London less frequently and, when he did go, deliberately alienated as many old friends as possible. Usually he was in an alcoholic stupor while so engaged. He grew porcine and was unable to sleep without copious draughts of paraldehyde. With the composition of *Brideshead Revisited*, which he wrote during the war, he was convinced that his career as a serious literary artist had only begun; abandoning the ferocious comic destructiveness of the earlier books, he devoted himself to working what he perceived to be a more realistic and serious vein. Repelled and appalled by the democratic socialism of Britain's Labour government, he considered becoming an expatriate to Ireland. He cultivated more assiduously his public persona of irate disgruntled Tory, wore his faith on his hound's-tooth sleeve, and fought with the new literary generation descended on London from the halls of Cinderblock University. In his last years, sales of his books fell in both England and America, his favorite daughter got married and left him, and the "buggering-up of the Church" by Vatican II caused him to pray that he might not apostasize. In the last two years he wrote barely a line, was unable to eat on account of "false snappers," and longed for death. His hope was rewarded on Easter Sunday 1966, when, after hearing Mass said by his favorite priest, he disappeared shortly after the family's re-

Evelyn Waugh: The Later Years: 1939–1966, by Martin Stannard (Norton, 523 pp., $29.95)

Mr. Williamson is senior editor for books at Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture.

turn to Combe Florey and was presently discovered on his face in the W.C. downstairs. Suffering a coronary thrombosis, he had collapsed, gashing his forehead on the lavatory door handle.

If this is not quite what Ford Madox Ford would have called "the saddest story," it is nevertheless pathetic enough. Despite his fears of approaching penury, Waugh died a wealthy man, leaving behind a reputation still largely intact, a long-suffering but slyly compatible wife 14 years his junior, six children, and an elegant seventeenth-century house in Somerset. His parents had both lived into ripe old age and, discounting the habitual over-eating and -drinking, a similar dotage spent in completing his memoirs, reading theology, and preparing his soul for death was an easy likelihood. Instead, he chose a kind of slow-motion suicide. Why did he do it?

Evelyn Waugh, like almost every creative artist, was a man of deep contradictions of the type that both create and sustain the intellectual tension by which a work of art is produced. In his case, the conflict was chiefly between Waugh the literary artist and Waugh the Roman Catholic. Stannard writes:

> . . . at the root of [his] (admittedly self-contradictory) pronouncements, surely, there is . . . the terror of babel. One thing alone, in Waugh's view, kept men sane: the sense of unified, agreed meaning. Ultimately this "meaning" was God. In temporal terms it was language. The post-structuralist notions of the (almost) infinite plurality of meaning would have been anathema to him. That way lay Picasso and *Finnegans Wake*. He had to see language, and the "language" of the Church's ritual, as precise instruments. And yet (did he dare confront this?) this position was logically absurd, and in his art and his worship he revolted against it. In both he wished to be free to choose his own "meanings."

Such an impasse, being the kind most artists confront without ever (fortunately for their art) resolving in their lifetimes, is unlikely to drive them toward madness. In Waugh's case, the fatal pressure, when it came, was exerted at a different stress point.

Also like many or most artists, Waugh had constructed a persona putting forward an idealized self, while creating a myth that described the age in which he lived. Waugh, a confirmed product of the English middle class,

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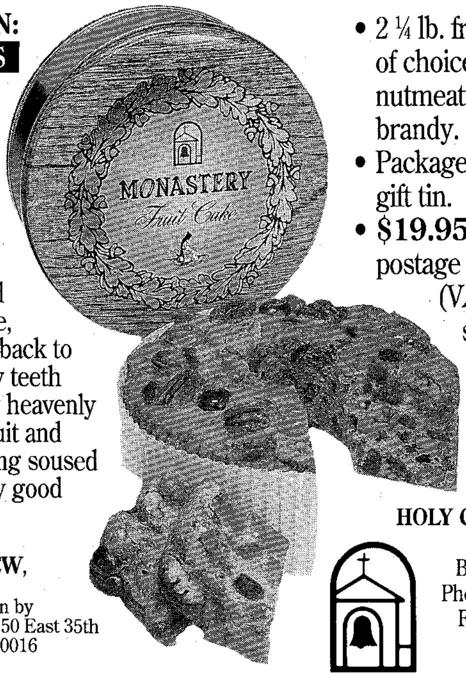

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preferred to regard himself as a natural, untitled member of the aristocracy; Waugh, a writer of genius who was either a writer or nothing, fancied himself a man of action capable of an heroic career as a British Army officer defending England, Western civilization, and Christendom. Stannard believes that Waugh was capable of penetrating the first illusion, and suggests that Laura Herbert Waugh, a genuine blueblood, was indispensable in reminding her husband from time to time, very gently and indirectly, that he did not really belong to the world of the Duchess of Devonshire and his close friend Lady Diana Cooper. Waugh could accept finally that he was not an aristocrat. However, it caused him great agony to accept the fact of his ineptness as a military officer, amounting almost to that of a character in one of his own books. The memory of his inglorious military career was certainly a cause of his determination to withdraw, after VE Day, from a world in which he felt himself incapable of playing an active part.

Again, the disappointment, terrible as it was, need not have proved fatal. Waugh could have survived the destruction of the private myth; it was the aggrandizement of the historical one on which he came to grief at last. It is really not a question of whether the modern world is as dreadful as Waugh perceived it to be; the point is rather that that is how he saw it. And, seeing it thus, the persona he had created from his youth needed to find an appropriate way to respond, privately and publicly, to that dreadfulness. This way was rejection: dramatic, rude, and total. Along with sunbathing, Picasso, and jazz went friendship, conviviality, family—as in the case of his appalling callousness toward his son Auberon after the young soldier's near-fatal wounding in Cyprus—and even, almost, faith itself.

He was a man who believed that the life of this world is stupid and futile and that real existence begins beyond the grave. Why could he not then enjoy life for the bauble it is for as long as it lasts, refusing to concern himself overmuch with it, let alone agonize over it? This Waugh was supremely incapable of doing. Why? Apparently because the negative aspect of his persona in time overcame the supernaturally positive one, as it finally overwhelmed the man himself. For most of his life he was unable to pray.

Death came as he would have wished it, on the most holy day of the Christian year, with a priest in the house. Those who are not deceived by the persona will wish the soul beyond it well, whatever it may be. ☐

Up from the Pit

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

The Last Tsar: The Life and Death of Nicholas II, by Edvard Radzinsky (Doubleday, 462 pp., $25)

ON JULY 16, 1918, a picked murder squad shot down in cold blood Tsar Nicholas II and the Tsaritsa, their 14-year-old son and four daughters, as well as the family doctor and three retainers faithful to the end. Eleven in all. The scene of this crime was a cellar in a house belonging to the merchant Ipatiev in Ekaterinburg, a large town in the Urals where the imperial family had been imprisoned. The corpses were then disposed of in a nearby forest. Two seem to have been incinerated and buried in a pit, and the remainder tipped down a shallow mineshaft.

Common sense always suggested that Lenin must have given approval. The incoming Communists intended to make so complete a break with history and morality that the Russians' perception of themselves would be altered forever. If the highest in the land were wiped out without formalities, what could ordinary people expect?

Always the conspirator, Lenin succeeded in exculpating himself from the murder. According to Soviet history, his colleague Sverdlov made the decision to kill the Romanovs. Local Ural Party leaders, in particular Goloshchekin and Beloborodov, were further depicted as hot-heads so thirsting for revolutionary justice that they had taken matters into their own hands. There had been a reason for swift action. That July, the White Army was closing in on Ekaterinburg, and indeed captured it a few days after the killing.

Confusion did not stop there. Several of the leaders involved in the murder squad, for instance Commissars Yakov Yurovsky and Peter Ermakov, left boastful but conflicting accounts of their roles. Once the Whites occupied Ekaterinburg, Nikolai Sokolov, formerly a Tsarist legal official, began a famous investigation. Collecting evidence from eyewitnesses, he established the facts, though he failed to locate the bodies. His report has been the foundation of the historical record.

Finally gaining the upper hand, the Soviets changed the name of the town to Sverdlovsk, in a move which typically glorified the man selected to assume responsibility for the crime, but without clarifying a thing. The Soviet public was simply left to feel proud of a murder which nonetheless was left shrouded in mystery and obfuscation. The poet Mayakovsky, somewhat deranged in his Communism, once found a guide knowledgeable enough to lead him out to the mine in the forest. It was a pilgrimage of sorts, even if he was alone in daring to make it. Subsequent Communist crimes were of course upon a wide scale, but this callous murder of the Romanovs had stamped the emblem of Communism with sickening power into the imagination of people everywhere.

All such crimes have been described as "blank spots" in Russian history, in one of the flattest euphemisms of *glasnost.* If Russians are to return to truthful self-perception, it will be by means of books like this one. Edvard Radzinsky is a successful playwright, but he started his career as a historian in the Central State Archives. So began a determination to discover the truth in all its gruesomeness and pathos.

In 1989 he first published his findings in the Soviet Union, and was then approached by helpers willing to fill in the background with written or oral memories, including unpublished diaries or letters. All this new material has been sifted and absorbed. Last year, as a consequence of Radzinsky's

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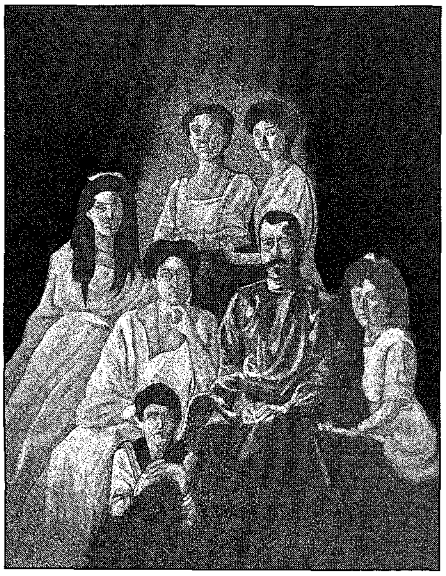
Mr. Pryce-Jones is the author of The Arabs: An Interpretation.

work, the remains of the nine corpses were recovered from the forest, and at present are being submitted to DNA testing in Britain. It is a virtual certainty that these will be identified as the Tsar and his family and retainers, and then decently laid to rest. The two thought to be missing are the Tsarevich and a lady-in-waiting, or perhaps his sister Anastasia.

The entire course of events has been carefully and convincingly reconstructed. Radzinsky knows that nothing done by Communists can be taken at face value. Rightly suspicious, he also loves complex speculation. Here is a vibrant real-life thriller, though as so often with the genre it is sometimes difficult to follow. A rather disjointed switch-back style is little help.



Chang Park

Elegiac lament is the tone of the first half of the book. It is still thrilling that a Russian can hold such an attitude in public and not be carted off to Gulag. Radzinsky conventionally believes that the Tsar lacked the character to deal with Russia's problems. As late as 1916, in a letter to his wife he referred to himself without sarcasm as her "poor weak-willed little hubby." Wrong decisions had the cumulative effect of leaving him responsible for the failure of others. Concealment of the Tsarevich's hemophilia made much of the family's behavior incomprehensible, and the subject of sinister rumor. Beyond the human turmoil was God's hand. "Would you please finally get angry, Your Excellency!" an exasperated councilor exclaimed when anger might still have saved the day.

A simple decree by a parliamentary assembly without the requisite constitutional power was enough to push the Tsar off the throne. "The essence is that, to save Russia and keep the army at the front quiet, this is a necessary step," the Tsar confided in his diary. "I agreed."

The second part of the book describes the descent from the splendors of the palace of Tsarskoe Selo to squalid death in the Ipatiev House. This involves an extraordinary cast of commissars, tricksters, agents, and double-agents, whose deceptions and provocations put Radzinsky's forensic skills to the test. A master of suspense, he shows how the jailers must have been reading the Tsar's and Tsaritsa's diaries, and adjusting their strategy accordingly. The commander of the Ipatiev House, one Avdeyev, faked an elaborate plot, whereby nuns delivered milk to the imperial family with forged messages inside the bottles about imaginary White officers who would liberate them. Here were handy pretexts to murder.

It was in the Archive of the October Revolution that Radzinsky came across the evidence he was hoping for, and he writes in triumph, "I found it! Even though they were supposed to destroy it. The blood cries out!" On the eve of the murder, telegrams had been exchanged between Goloshchekin in Ekaterinburg and Sverdlov in Moscow—marked "copy to Lenin"—authorizing the murder. In addition, Goloshchekin had hurried in person to Moscow for fear of objections. There were none.

"Nothing of importance," Louis XVI had noted in his diary on the day the Bastille fell. Nicholas II was hardly more expressive. It was unbearable on a hot day "not to be in a position to go out into the garden when you wanted and spend a fine evening outside. The prison regime!" In the final stage, they seem to have realized what was about to happen. The family doctor's last letter has the sentence, "I am dead but not yet buried." When they were shot, the girls were wearing bodices sewn with diamonds, off which the bullets were to ricochet. Another grim touch: one of the killers had a literary bent and wrote in the original German a line from Heine on the cellar wall, "This night Balthazar was murdered by his fellows."

Some panic or upset must have created the circumstances whereby the corpses were disposed of in different

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places. Among Radzinsky's helpers was an elderly visitor (whose name is not given), by all evidence a trusty Communist with inside information. This man's account of muddle and alcohol, and of the division of labor between the murderers, seems credible.

Anastasia did not survive, but the Tsarevich may have. First a psychiatrist and then a consultant contacted Radzinsky, and both stated that shortly after the last war they had a patient who passed under the name of F. G. Semyonov. His life had been spent in Gulag. Claiming to be the Tsarevich, he had persistent hematuria consistent with his hereditary disease, and answered accurately and without hesitation all questions about the Romanov family and the court. These witnesses were struck by the fact that Semyonov kept cursing a man called Beloborodov. Radzinsky remains open-minded.

Beloborodov, Goloshchekin, and almost all the others involved in the murder (though not Yurovsky or Ermakov) were themselves shortly murdered. That is not the only thing to show a pattern. Like Tsarism, Communism was brought to an end after a strange putsch, by a decree issued in a parliament of doubtful constitutional powers. In spite of an immense military and security apparatus, Gorbachev too had failed to get angry.

One final twist has escaped Radzinsky. In the old days Boris Yeltsin had been Party first secretary in Sverdlovsk. Gorbachev, then his superior as Communist Party General Secretary, out of the blue ordered him to raze the Ipatiev House to the ground, leaving no trace. This was done. But why? Out of perception of the enduring power of the past, or premonition that Communism itself was already spectral? ☐

Reaction Time

LAWRENCE AUSTER

On Divorce, by Louis de Bonald, translated and edited by Nicholas Davidson, foreword by Robert Nisbet (Transaction, 198 pp., $24.95)

FOR AN AMERICAN "conservatism" that has lost its way amid the contemporary welter of rights and equality, there can be no stronger corrective than Louis de Bonald's *On Divorce*. Written during the 1790s, when its author was in hiding from the revolutionary authorities, and published in 1801, this seminal work by one of the principal founders of conservatism has never before been translated into English, an oversight now remedied by Nicholas Davidson.

In a powerful introductory essay, Davidson argues against the current habit of dividing the world up into "women's questions," "men's questions," "children's questions." "There are only social questions," Davidson writes, "which can only be answered in terms of society as a whole. Do you wish to help any of these groups? It can only be done by strengthening the bonds of society. To attempt specifically to help any of these groups necessarily corrodes those bonds, injures vital relationships, and so hurts those it purports to help." But, Davidson continues, in a society already transformed by group-think, the remedies offered by mere conservatism are of no avail. What is needed isn't conservation but *restoration*. Bonald provides us with a rational and reactionary analysis.

In effect, Bonald supplements the classic understanding of the soul and its virtues with the insight from the Western religious tradition that the constitution of man's being consists of "natural relationships with his being's author" and with his fellow men. As human beings we participate in three distinct societies—religious, public (the state), and domestic (the family)—which operate according to common principles. Just as there is a supreme Cause that willed the world and a universal Minister by whom the world was made and through whom it is saved, so in the state there are laws, ministers that carry out the laws, and subjects. In the family, it is the father

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Mr. Auster is the author of The Path to National Suicide: An Essay on Immigration and Multiculturalism *(American Immigration Control Foundation).*

who functions as power, the mother as minister, and the child as subject. Reading Bonald, we need to look beyond this hierarchical scheme, which appears so strange and forbidding to our eyes, to the inner core that animates it: the experience of religious truth as the ultimate source and paradigm of legitimate authority and community.

Bonald is a tough-minded exponent of the classic and Christian view that our native penchant for disorder must be repressed for our true nature to be fulfilled; "Be thou perfect," said the supreme lawgiver of our civilization. But the Rousseauvian democratic notion that "man is perfect in his native state and is depraved by society" threw this natural order on its head, denying any authority in God, making all human customs seem arbitrary, and reducing parents and children to the merely biological status of "males," "females," and "young" (or, in today's unispeak, "moms," "dads," and "kids"). With this collapse of the human constitution, Bonald argues, "there were still fathers, mothers, and children in France, but there was no longer a *power* in the family, no longer a *minister*, no longer a *subject*, no longer a domestic society; and political society was shaken to its very foundations."

For Bonald, the key to this breakdown is divorce (legalized in France in 1792 and abolished again, due largely to Bonald's own efforts, in 1816). Divorce destroys domestic society in the same way that anarchic democracy destroys public society, turning marriage into a kind of at-will contract between untrammeled individuals. Not only does divorce separate parents from children; more importantly, it breaks the chain of the transmission and perpetuation of culture.

Bonald is undoubtedly too extreme for most modern readers. His unrelenting hostility toward Protestantism as an agent of divorce and democracy, his one-sided emphasis on the supreme authority of the father and the "weakness" of the mother, and, most of all, his cold readiness to condemn abandoned spouses to a life of loneliness (since it is better to let a few individuals suffer the consequences of indissolubility than to harm society by permitting divorce and remarriage) make Bonald a difficult man to embrace completely. But the sometimes repellent harshness of his prescrip-

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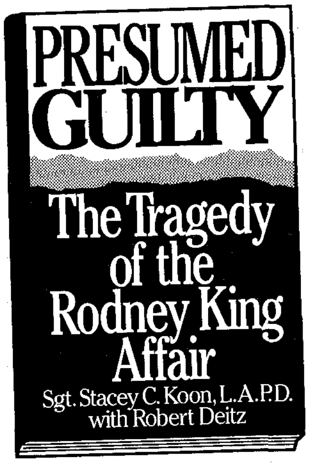

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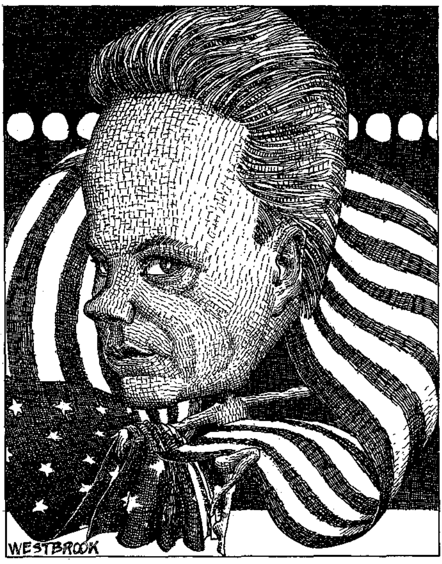
tions should not blind us to the underlying truth of his analysis, any more than the totalistic proposals offered in *The Republic* invalidate Plato's essential argument. Indeed, Bonald's account of the loss of natural authority in divine revelation, in community, and, most of all, in fathers, provides one of the most cogent explanations I have heard for the accelerating disorder—the loss of will to enforce or obey any common standards of behavior—that distinguishes our own era from most times past. ☐

FILM

Worst Guys Finish First

JOHN SIMON

ALL extremism—Left or Right, black or white—is heinous. Conservatism can be perverted into sclerosis; radicalism easily turns into despotism. The satraps of the Right are as atavistic as the firebrands of the Left, and the permissiveness of the knee-jerk liberals does at least as much damage as the stodginess of the reactionaries. A movie such as ***Bob Roberts***, pretending to be a courageous political fable, is only an elaboration of radical-populist skits and songs from the old Greenwich Village cabarets and jazz joints—as brave as, say, a satire on some snake-handling cult pretending to be an attack on Christianity.



Sam Westbrook

Tim Robbins, the writer, director, co-songwriter, and star of the film, who grew up as the son of a Greenwich Village folk-club manager, says his parents weren't radicals or hippies, though his mother aroused him one night when he was 11 with the news that he should be very proud of his sister: "She was arrested for protesting the Vietnam War." The mentality that informs *Bob Roberts* is the spirit of 1968, which, for all its gallant attitudinizing, was not quite the equal of that of 1776. Bob Roberts is a young right-wing demagogue from Pennsylvania, a candidate for the Senate on a platform that ostensibly stands for solid yuppie values such as fighting drugs, and thereby deflects attention from graver issues. For behind genial, clean-cut Bob, campaigning by means of folk-like songs he writes and performs accompanying himself on the guitar, lurks the threat of right-wing totalitarianism.

The Roberts campaign team, with everyone looking like a cross between a debutante party-goer and an IBM office manager, is targeting straight-arrow yuppies and their megabucks-toting parents, with the slyly treacherous Bob using the folk music of the Sixties' youth movement with wickedly reactionary lyrics to infiltrate the psyches of disenchanted ex-flower children and back-to-basics backlashers. Oh, the sacrilege of it! The songs of freedom subverted by Richard Nixon masquerading as Phil Ochs, an act at least as iconoclastic as turning *Madama Butterfly* into *Miss Saigon*. If the noblest thing the liberals can find for the conservative to besmirch are the songs of Joan Baez, and if the best values the liberals can uphold are the natterings of Brickley Paiste—the incumbent old-style-liberal senator played by Gore Vidal, who improvised much of his dialogue—the world is well lost, no matter who stays unbesmirched.

The film's artsy format has Terry Manchester, a British filmmaker (nicely played by Brian Murray), shooting a documentary on Roberts as he stomps around Pennsylvania. Interviewing Bob, his staff, his fans, and his detractors, Terry becomes more and more disgusted. Much of the film uses the possibly ingenious and certainly economical device of shooting itself through the eye of a documentarist's mostly hand-held camera. This saves a lot of money on elaborate camera set-ups, and allows all kinds of booboos to look like the realistic portrayal of chaos.

The result, however, is a movie very hard to watch. Following that frantic hand-held camera, you feel chained into a canoe shooting a nasty set of falls, and this with a stomach already nauseated by the crude oversimplifications, the stretchings of credibility, the self-congratulatory smugness of sequence after sequence. No major character emerges as sympathetic in the least. Obviously, not Roberts; but not Bugs Raplin, either, the muckraking reporter for an underground paper, who in the process of getting the goods on Roberts proves himself obnoxious to the point of insanity.

Nor can one have much warm feeling for Brickley Paiste, whose very name suggests a stuffiness that Gore Vidal supplies in spades. It's hard to tell what Robbins had in mind here; he may have wanted the senator to be touching in his inability to counter with reason the smear tactics of his opponent. But Robbins may have been so awed by Vidal as to be unable to control him (he felt that the film project had been "validated" by Vidal's acceptance of the role). In any case, Vidal's delivery, quite aside from the content, is so filled with effete snobbery and languid condescension that Paiste emerges pastily unsympathetic.

Nor is Robbins the right actor for Roberts. Though talented, he conveys more smart-ass brattishness than—what would be more believable and frightening—solid Middle American values corrupted by greed. There should be something more archetypally spic-and-span about him, grinningly slippery. Again, Giancarlo Esposito, a charismatic actor, goes, or is made to go, way over the top as Bugs. As Lukas Hart III, Bob's aptly named campaign manager, the able British actor Alan Rickman overplays cobra-eyed Machiavellianism exponentially, and June Stein manages to lose sympathy for a righteous staffer of *The Cutting Edge* show (read: *Saturday Night Live*) by overdoing hysteria.

Mr. Simon, NR's *film critic, is also theater critic for* New York *magazine.*

The best performances come in tiny roles, many of them from famous actors impersonating a variety of newscasters and TV personalities, though even these are sometimes conceived and executed too broadly, notably by Susan Sarandon, Robbins's companion and the mother of his children. And the movie's latter parts escalate unbelievability into utter preposterousness. Most discomfiting, though, is the self-contradictory message the film gives off. It is supposed to remind people, Tim Robbins has said, of the importance of their vote. Yet in portraying a political scene so scurvy, a nation of stooges so easily manipulated by scoundrels, whom does it encourage us to vote for?

■ All-pervasive corruption is also the subject of ***Glengarry Glen Ross***, which David Mamet has adapted from his own Broadway hit. It concerns a handful of seedy real-estate salesmen in a shabby workplace, run from "downtown" by their ruthless bosses, Mitch and Murray—never seen, but always dreaded. Right now the salesmen are supposed to be selling plots of Glengarry Highlands, actually worthless Florida wetlands, and the "leads" they get from downtown are mostly clients who have either been bled dry or who never had any serious intention of buying. There are also some live leads, kept carefully locked up by Williamson (Kevin Spacey), the office manager, who is a kind of miniature Mitch or Murray. These good leads will presumably go to Ricky Roma, the salesman on a fantastic lucky streak, a piece of favoritism bitterly resented by the rest.

Blake (Alec Baldwin), described as a "hot-shot consultant," comes in to conduct a sales meeting in which he sarcastically and threateningly informs the men—except Roma, who, riding high and setting up a sucker for the kill, doesn't even bother to attend—that this month's prize to the best salesman will be a Cadillac Eldorado; the second prize, a set of steak knives. Third prize? You get fired. The men are seething, demanding better leads to no avail.

Who are these men? Shelley "the Machine" Levene (Jack Lemmon), sixtyish, with a daughter in the hospital needing an expensive operation, has been off his form for some time. A former winner, he exudes spurious confi-

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dence and charm as he goes off on house calls ("sits") or tries to bribe Williamson into giving him better leads. An even more luckless and desperate version of the same man is George Aaronow (Alan Arkin), whose conversation is virtually reduced to blankly repeating bits of what his interlocutor has just said. Dave Moss (Ed Harris) is younger, meaner, more scared, and more dangerous; with George's help, he wants to break into the safe holding the leads. Ricky Roma (Al Pacino) is both phonily impassioned and supremely cool as he cons a pathetic victim, James Lingk (Jonathan Pryce); this Roma could coax money, if not blood, out of stones.

The plot leads up to an office burglary, an inside job, and the ensuing police investigation. But the film is mostly about the scams these salesmen come up with, the dog-eat-dog rivalry among them, and also, at the same time, the solidarity that unites them against their evil superiors, making them as tightly knit as a football team, a happy family, or the inmates of Death Row. And, as always with Mamet, the film is about language.

These salesmen share the lingo of the damned, which consists chiefly of the F-word in every known permutation and combination, sometimes rising to unparalleled heights of—not invention so much as repetition. It's a litany, a chant, a howl of anger and attempted release. It is an incantation to squelch your enemies, boost your morale, establish your potency (of every kind), call down on you the favor of the gods. It is by no means Mamet's discovery—though he must have personally encountered it in a Chicago real-estate office where he worked for a while—but none of its practitioners in literature has carried it to such depths of perfection. I myself am neither fascinated nor disgusted by it; merely, as by all forms of fanatical reiteration, bored.

There is no character in *Glengarry Glen Ross* whom one can sympathize with. Everyone lives by rotten values and practices fraud and self-deception with equal zeal. Success is as contemptible here as abject failure; and, unlike in *Bob Roberts*, there are not even redeeming minor characters. The one outsider, Lingk, is almost too pathetic to elicit any pity. Predictably, the small-time crooks come to grief, while the big ones prosper. The offensive thing here, however, is the implication that this is the world: our entire, beastly capitalist society.

Now, I am willing to entertain any notion provided it is proffered by a genuine artist. There is about almost everything Mamet writes, though, such an aura of self-admiring smugness, of authorial oneupmanship, that I feel untempted, let alone compelled, to trust him. His view is not darkly tragic, or even darkly comic, his concern is to render everything as glossily black as the best-shined shoes. I remain unimpressed by an author who tries to dazzle me with the sheen of his footwear.

But James Foley has directed with great liveliness and variety in what is, for the most part, a tight, non-cinematic space. And the actors are a spectacular ensemble. Jack Lemmon gives a performance of terrifying realism—like watching a burning candle in the image of yourself guttering to slow, inexorable extinction. Al Pacino starts out too abstractedly, his far-roving gaze apparently out for some sort of long-distance record, but then settles into an image of heaven-storming fanaticism that makes his cajolings and outbursts better than dramatic, operatic. Alan Arkin is the epitome of devertebrated defeat, and Ed Harris oozes such dirty malice, you'd think he'd have to change shirts hourly. Alec Baldwin turns contempt into a deadly weapon, Jonathan Pryce displays an inimitable hangdog hopefulness, and Kevin Spacey, perhaps most remarkable of all, conveys complete sliminess convinced of its own integrity. But even the best acting and directing can only turn a sow's ear into a full, but not a silken, purse. ☐

ART

Homeboys of the Bourgeoisie

JAMES GARDNER

SHOCKING the bourgeoisie is, of course, the stock-in-trade of the Modern movement. Artists may rise from the ranks of the middle class to their Parnassian empyrean, but they look back rarely, and then mainly to spit. In the case of Matisse and Magritte, however, something more complicated is going on. These artists were working from within the bourgeoisie itself, in order not to subvert it but to enrich it. They did this in very different ways. While Matisse, through gentlest persuasion, was making us see the visual world with new eyes, freed from the shackles of convention, Magritte was turning inward to the lunar landscape of dreams, revealing to banker, engineer, and housewife the visions of their sleep. Each artist is now the subject of an excellent and probably definitive exhibition, Matisse at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, Magritte at the Metropolitan.

It would be hard to imagine an exhibition much better than the one at the Modern. It is a labor of almost pharaonic proportions. Compared by one curator to the D-day invasion, this exhibit brings together almost four hundred of Matisse's pre-eminent masterpieces, merchandise valued at over $1 billion. Close to a million visitors are expected to pay the ticket price of $12.50. According to the *New York Times*, this expense, the highest museum admission price ever, here or in Europe, was necessitated by staggeringly high insurance costs.

Matisse (1869–1954) was the greatest French-born painter of the century, and his art is sufficiently familiar that the current exhibition can only confirm and amplify what is already known. It tells of how the twenty-year-old law student, taken ill with appendicitis, discovered art; how, after much academic training, he, with the other Fauves, pioneered some of the most passionate painting in Western art; how he moved from Collioure to Morocco and finally to Nice, there to live out a belaureled old age. Matisse experimented much and changed much in the course of his long life. And yet, in the sixty-odd years of his copious productivity, he remained remarkably constant. His work is always calm and whole, yet warmed by an oddly sedentary passionateness. It

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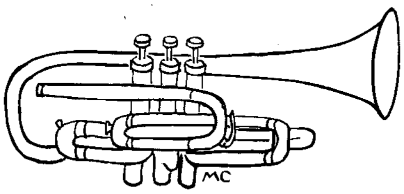
Mr. Gardner writes frequently about art for NR *and* Art & Auction.

is a domestic art of sunlit sailboats glimpsed through the flower-potted windows of well-furnished rooms, a lingering dream of fair women in white dresses and broad, Mediterranean hats. Matisse is a slightly abstracted realist. Beyond a manifest sympathy for all of his subjects, he does not comment upon them so much as he describes them. I confess to having always felt a slight dissatisfaction with this moderated engagement. His attention seems to go in several directions at the same time, as though unable to curl around a single core of passion. Thus even his simpler paintings often seem a few degrees more intricate than they need be, as though two, sometimes three, very fine paintings had quite illogically collided.



Simplicity of conception is surely the pre-eminent grace of René Magritte, that most charming, bizarre, and Belgian of painters. How is he Belgian? He is an incarnated compromise of cultures, a mixture of North and South, of Flanders and Gaul. Even in his dreams he inhabits a universe of cosseted comfortableness and effortless good manners, of grey, damp days that are neither too cool nor too inclement, of canvas raincoats, duffel bags, and a good pipe. Visitors to his paintings travel along streets that are always clean, to well-set tables of wine, cheese, or sliced ham. Magritte never raises his pictorial voice. Even his most bizarre images are deadpan, understated to the point of pointlessness.

But what can they mean, these images of Magritte? Why is a train charging out of a chimney in the famous *Time Transfigured*? How comes a boulder to be suspended in orange air, in a work meaninglessly titled *The Active Voice*? And why, in *Son of Man*, does a green apple, defying gravity, float before the face of a man in a bowler?

To appreciate and love the paintings of Magritte, you have to learn to live with the possibility of pointlessness. There is an overwhelming urge to discern meaning in these works, which appear to be saturated and overcharged with symbolism. The impulse must be resisted, for in fact there is nothing at all symbolic about these paintings. They are part of that veristic strain of Surrealism for which Salvador Dali is best known, and their object is to describe faithfully, indeed realistically, the inner visions of the subconscious mind. Whether or not the mind conceives these visions symbolically does not concern Magritte. He is there to expose the forms and to capture the mood of the sleeper's mind in the process of talking to itself. Usually it is the bizarrely illogical matter-of-factness of dreams that fascinates the artist. He is not interested in nightmares or dreams of manifest passion. He is drawn instead to the cool, grey Belgianness of dreams, their bourgeois ordinariness. In the service of this interest, he deploys visual ingenuity with a precise touch. Though there is uneven work in this exhibition, few of his paintings fail to pack a visual punch, and some, like the depiction of a female nude in *The Eternal Evidence*, contain some of the best figure painting in modern art.

Like many of today's artists, Magritte favors irony and disengagement. Why then does his dreamy art seem so much more serious and inspired than that of our own contemporaries? The answer to that question, I suspect, goes to the very heart of the conflict between the Modern and post-Modern movements. ☐

BOOKS IN BRIEF

1492 and All That: Political Manipulations of History, by Robert Royal (Ethics and Public Policy Center, 203 pp., $18.95)

IN THIS LIVELY and pugnacious argument with those who insist on denigrating Columbus as the representative of an exploitative, colonialist Europe, Robert Royal presses hard to answer the criticisms, but a sarcastic tone complicates his attempt to be persuasive. Thus, he asserts that "Despite the complicity of religious individuals in some atrocities, Christianity in general was not a moral or spiritual pathogen." Royal deplores the brutality and greed that accompanied the conquest, and cites the at-

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tempts of the Crown to mitigate these evils. Ineffectual though such efforts were, he concludes that "the appropriate response to such an early expression of good principles should be gratitude and surprise rather than condemnation for the limited effect those principles had in practice." On a more affirmative note, Royal concludes that "humanity and reason" justified "intervention" against societies, such as the Aztec, that practiced human sacrifice. Rather than in its reinterpretation of history, the real strength of this book lies in its treatment of the current debate over Columbus. Royal's vigorous defense of Western and Christian values will bring cheer to general readers otherwise overwhelmed by the media's negative presentation of 1492 ("and all that"). —WILCOMB E. WASHBURN

Among the Thugs, by Bill Buford (Norton, 317 pp., $22.95)

A*MONG THE THUGS* is about working-class Englishmen who riot at soccer matches. We see these modern-day Falstaffs as drunken, brawling, and obese. Like Falstaff, many of them are quite entertaining; unlike him, they are inarticulate: "We know they want it [violence] and so do we," says Steve. "I suppose it might sound stupid but because the policing has got so good we've got to the point where we have to inflict the greatest possible damage in the least amount of time, and the knife is the most efficient instrument for a quick injury. . . . If the policing was not so good, I'm sure the knifings would stop." The majority of the hooligans in *Among the Thugs* have no overt political views. What seems to separate the neo-Nazis among them from the rest is not their views but their hairstyles—and their dancing. "The way they danced was intensely physical: they all huddled together in the middle of the room, and, rubbing each other's head with one hand—most were shaved on top—and holding themselves closely together with the other, they jumped up and down." Buford is a wonderfully vivid writer. The reader is with him at the games and on the streets. I saw his hooligans, felt them, and smelled them—and I couldn't wait to get away from the drunkenness, the nastiness, the vomit. —GEORGE JOCHNOWITZ

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 B	2 J		3 F	4 N	5 P		6 D	7 L	8 R		9 A	10 E	11 K	12 W	13 P	14 I	15 U		16 M	17 B
18 H	19 N	20 R	21 J		22 B	23 Q	24 G	25 K	26 A	27 L	28 V		29 J	30 W	31 D	32 H	33 F	34 N	35 T	36 P
	37 E	38 C	39 L		40 F	41 I	42 R	43 B	44 K		45 J	46 U		47 A	48 C	49 F		50 D	51 P	52 L
53 G	54 Q		55 U	56 J	57 E	58 S		59 N	60 F	61 J		62 A	63 C	64 I	65 M	66 V	67 R	68 H		69 G
70 E		71 J	72 D	73 L	74 P	75 M	76 F	77 H		78 J	79 C	80 R	81 O	82 B		83 W	84 H	85 N		86 C
87 T	88 C	89 F	90 M		91 A	92 B	93 W	94 J	95 N	96 H	97 V	98 K		99 J	100D		101L	102V	103D	104I
105S		106U	107K		108N	109M	110W	111V		112E	113R	114G	115F	116I		117Q	118C	119D		120U
121E	122I	123V		124B	125J	126Q	127E	128L	129D		130O	131Q	132E	133I	134G	135S	136L	137C		138V
139M		140Q	141K	142W		143L	144B	145V	146W	147K		148N	149P		150E	151A	152O	153D	154H	155S
	156P	157B	158H	159U		160B	161R	162G	163I	164A		165F	166W	167T		168E	169R	170B	171I	172N
173Q	174A	175G	176C		177O	178P	179J		180M	181U	182K	183F								

DEFINITIONS

A.	Place to buy drugs	91 47 151 174 26 9 62 164
B.	Something out of the ordinary	157 22 17 144 92 124 170 43 1 160 82
C.	City dwelling	137 63 86 118 38 79 88 176 48
D.	Relative of Def. L	31 6 72 103 129 50 153 119 100
E.	"Tax," in Clintonese	121 112 150 132 168 37 10 57 70 127
F.	D. H. Lawrence character	40 60 76 165 3 183 49 89 115 33
G.	One kind of spirit	114 69 134 175 24 53 162
H.	Intelligently	96 32 158 18 84 154 77 68
I.	Constant	64 171 14 41 163 122 133 104 116
J.	Like streets of yore	29 125 99 94 56 179 71 78 45 2 61 21
K.	Important element	141 98 44 147 107 25 11 182
L.	Downhill event?	27 52 101 7 73 136 143 128 39
M.	Almost asleep	139 109 90 75 16 65 180
N.	Beauty personified	95 108 4 19 148 172 34 59 85
O.	California wine region	152 81 130 177
P.	Sacrifice to the gods	51 149 156 5 178 13 74 36
Q.	Perform the reading	126 117 131 54 173 140 23
R.	Sled-dog race of note	42 80 20 169 113 67 161 8
S.	Chemical twosome	105 155 135 58
T.	Long, long time	167 87 35
U.	Insult	15 46 55 159 181 120 106
V.	The mistress's apartment	97 138 145 123 28 111 102 66
W.	Where Sally conducts business	110 142 30 83 166 93 12 146

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

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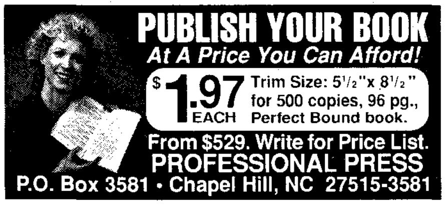

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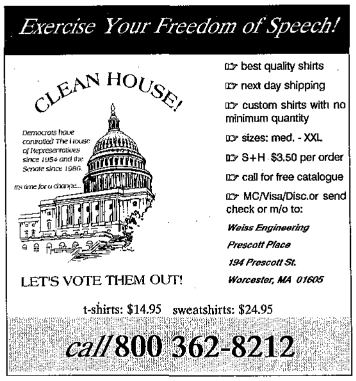
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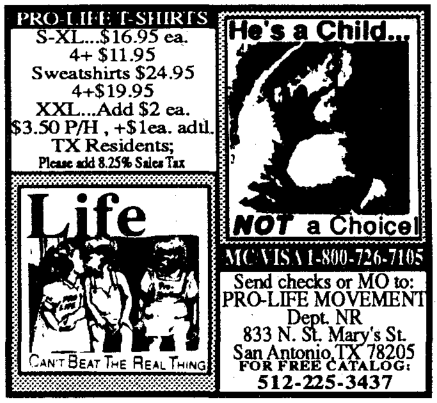
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A Role For Ross Perot

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 5

At least Ross Perot apologized to his followers for his withdrawal from the presidential race last July. On reflection, he said in effect, it was caprice that moved him, an indisposition to go through the exertions of a campaign he had concluded he would not win, and one that would therefore confuse the electorate.

Probably it makes sense simply to forget the dismal record of H. Ross Perot, presidential candidate, and focus instead on what it is that he might now usefully accomplish. His leverage is very simple: participation in the presidential debates. His inclusion is wonderfully wry, and is the result of one factor only, namely the indisposition of the two principal candidates to annoy him. They might have said that since he was no longer a major contender, they would decline to share their air time with him. That was the position taken by Jimmy Carter in 1980 when John Anderson demanded to be included.

One network, dominated by a pro-Anderson executive, was so frustrated it ran the debates, to the extent it was possible to do so, as if John Anderson had been physically present. This was accomplished by recording Carter's answer to the question of one of the panelists, then Reagan's answer—then recording John Anderson's answer to the same question. Since the main show was going on, this required recording what was going on in the studio, and running it after John Anderson's response. . . . It didn't work, in part because Mr. Anderson had nothing very interesting to say, in part because his physical absence from the scene made it possible for the two candidates simply to ignore what he said, which, in any event, they hadn't heard.

But Ross Perot will have none of the disadvantages of John Anderson. And he can ask questions without the weight of historical party partisanship. Mr. Bush obviously will need to assume responsibility both for what he has done and for what he has not done. And Mr. Clinton will have to speak as a man who belongs to the same party that has dominated the Congress of the United States for about sixty years.

For instance:

PEROT: If I were President I would balance the budget by the end of my first term in office. You, Mr. President, have presided over the largest budget growth in U.S. history. And you, Governor Clinton, belong to the party that authorizes those budget deficits. I would assert the right of the Chief Executive to a line-item veto, and I would get rid of $70 billion of pork every year. What objections do you have to that, Mr. President?

BUSH: It's unconstitutional.

PEROT: We both know that there is a division of legal opinion on this matter. I would assert the right and let's see if the Supreme Court knocks me down on it. This would require the Court to take the position that the Framers wanted to give a veto to the Executive, but were prepared to see the use of that veto vitiated by the simple expedient of attaching a couple of local bridges onto a $30-billion education bill. Mr. Clinton, would you exercise the line-item veto?

CLINTON: I would have to think about that. After all, I'd have sworn to uphold and defend the Constitution . . .

PEROT: There's about $25 billion in subsidies going to farmers. I'd put a limit on that: no subsidies to any farmer whose income exceeds $100,000. Got any trouble with that one, gentlemen?

BUSH: I have long since called for reforms of various kinds in subsidies of various sorts.

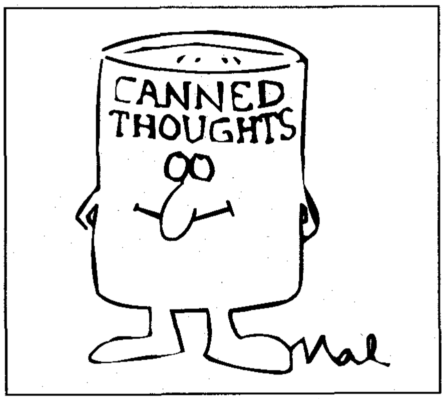
PEROT: Oh, Clinton. You want to impose a 7 per cent payroll tax on every employer, to finance health care. One estimate is that this would force employers to lay off 700,000 workers. If that happens, you're going to have to worry about a lot more than their health, you're going to have to worry about their food and shelter and education—

CLINTON: Under my plan, the revived economy will produce jobs for those—

BUSH: Jobs jobs jobs. I said that first!

PEROT: Suppose we freeze all payments made by the Federal Government for four years: no rises in anything, not Social Security, not National Endowment for the Arts, no raises for federal employees. Do you know what this would save us in four years?

ANNOUNCER: Sorry, our time is up. Thank you, gentlemen. ☐



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Execute Guzmán

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9

The decision by the Peruvian government (which means, the decision by President Alberto Fujimori) to sentence Abimael Guzmán, the head of the Shining Path guerrillas, to life imprisonment "without possibility of parole" suggests the length to which conventional sentimentalities govern even a president who six months ago suspended the constitution of Peru in order to confront the menace of the Shining Path.

Professor Guzmán stopped teaching philosophy in 1980, ten years after starting up a terrorist movement Maoist in ideological architecture and Vietcongese in tactical orientation. What he sought to do was what Che Guevara had tried back in 1966. The general idea is to enlist the countryside through the use of utopian rhetorical formulations, and terror. You go to a village with a half-dozen supporters and you call on the mayor and the two schoolteachers and tell them that their duties are to protect Shining Path militia. One schoolteacher agrees, the second does not, and the mayor says he'll have to think about it. The next day the villagers get up to find their late mayor hanging on a telephone pole, alongside one of their two schoolteachers. The surviving teacher finds that he has been ordained as mayor in addition to chief schoolteacher. It is all in a day's work. The Vietcong subdued much of the countryside during the Sixties by similar tactics.

Now Guzmán is a mythogenic character. He was seen only fleetingly, and photographs of him were limited to the small inventory taken from his college-teaching days. So that his name became legendary. The mere mention of it inspired the peasants to whom he and his spokesmen talked about dreams of glory, and terrified others who knew that there was no retaliation too bloody to punish those who did not cooperate.

Maybe President Fujimori was wrong in declaring a military emergency when he dismissed the parliament. On the other hand, it is hard to know what other countries would have done if faced with terrorism of a kind that, using proportional figures, would add up to fifty thousand deaths by execution and torture per year in the United States. But Who says A, must say B. There is no capital punishment in Peru except for treason involving a foreign government. But if you can suspend the constitution, you can make the necessary modifications to apply the ultimate sanction here. Guzmán's capture a month ago should have led to the same fate as that suffered by Che Guevara. When he was caught in 1967 in Bolivia, the president of Bolivia knew that the greatest threat to the Bolivian people would be in keeping Che Guevara alive. He did not even run the risk of flying him into La Paz, let alone the risk of a long public trial of the kind the Frenchman Régis Debray had had, arousing all the left-intelligentsia of the West to his defense. So: the word was slipped to the general on the field: Execute Guevara.

Guzmán wasn't executed, went through a military trial, and now has been sentenced to life in prison. That failure of nerve (he should have been shot) is a sentence of death for who knows how many Peruvians. Moreover, the sentence of perpetual life in jail is all but meaningless.

Precedents crowd the mind, one of them only weeks old. In an attempt to settle old divisions in South Africa, President de Klerk agreed with Nelson Mandela to release even those prisoners who were being held as guilty of capital crimes, such as the habit of necklacing dissidents. These had been spared the death penalty, and put away for life. But now they are all free. That is what happens when governments come to terms with revolutionists: the release of prisoners. But before then, those prisoners become objectives of a high degree of terrorism. Israel has been up against the dilemma for years. The rule in Israel is: No capital punishment. And no hostage bargaining. The results have been bloody, and Israel finally capitulated by releasing 1,150 Arab prisoners in exchange for three POWs captured during the invasion of Lebanon.

It is anomalous to say the least to suggest an international request for the execution of a prisoner, but as someone for whom one more lost cause is bearable, herewith a call for the execution of Abimael Guzmán. □

Clinton's Patriotism

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 12

It was, to use the tamest word for it one can think of, ill considered of the Bush team to go with the denunciation of Clinton's demonstrations abroad against the war, and just plain stupid to hint that Clinton's trip to the Soviet Union might suggest that he was then or is now a security risk. The foreseeable result is a near-maternal blanket of protectiveness over the shoulders of Billy Clinton, who at age 21 just wanted to stretch his idealistic muscles in London, and was inquisitive enough to travel to Moscow.

Having said this, the exploitation of the incident by Clinton et al. reinforces suspicions that the Clinton team doesn't think straight, and maybe just can't.

1. George Bush in the debate specified that what Clinton did was "not a question of patriotism," but rather of judgment and character.

2. Clinton contested Bush's elucidation. Clearly he *wanted* to be accused of being unpatriotic. His calculations were obvious: the harsher the criticism by Bush, the more outraged the public could be counted upon to be, egged on by the Cultural Elite. What was entirely lost in the exchange was the answer to a fundamental question: Is it unpatriotic to demonstrate against your country-at-war, in a foreign land?

We need to begin by asking what patriotism is. Most often it is defined as a willingness to fight for one's country. Well, Clinton was certainly not disposed to fight for his country in that particular war, and it is not correct to assume that was the case with everyone who opposed the war. John Kerry, now a senator, opposed the war, but fought in it and was decorated. It is clear from the record that if Clinton had been told he would have to join the army or flee to Canada, he'd have joined the army. But were his resistance to doing so, and his demonstrations against the war, unpatriotic acts?

Patriotism goes beyond a willingness to defend one's country. It involves also a disposition to defend one's country's institutions when they are under stress. To do this does not necessarily mean to silence one's reservations: the old chestnut tells of the grumpy general who wrote, "I'm for my country right or wrong, but I wish it wouldn't be so g-dd-med wrong so g-dd-med much of the time."

Where is the patriotic line drawn? It is obviously Mr. Bush's contention that it is drawn at the three-mile limit. To criticize the Vietnam War within the boundaries of the U.S. was one thing. To do so in a foreign country was to attempt to weaken the war effort by stimulating American allies to do less to back the war. Any such effort is subversive of the democratic process. If the President backed by Congress backed by the public sends American soldiers to life-and-death encounters seven thousand miles away, to attempt in a foreign country to discredit the enterprise is unpatriotic, period. When Jane Fonda went to Hanoi to harangue American troops fighting the enemy, she was being unpatriotic, period. It is not recorded what exactly Billy Clinton said at those demonstrations. But if it was a typical demonstration, the agenda probably included charges that we were war criminals, that the military effort was an act of imperialism: we heard it all from the demonstrators in Chicago in 1968.

George Bush might have asked Clinton this question: Forty-seven senators voted against the Gulf War. If they had gone to London and participated in demonstrations against that war, would you have thought that action a) unpatriotic? b) imprudent? c) immature? Whichever of these Mr. Clinton selected, then Mr. Bush would have been in a position to say: If you were unpatriotic/imprudent/immature at age 21, why at age 46 should you be President? To which, Mr. Clinton might have retorted that at age 21 everybody except maybe William Pitt the Younger was different from what he was at age 46. After all, when he was young, George Washington was chopping down cherry trees, and Oedipus was sleeping with his mother.

As for the trip to Moscow, it is entirely conceivable that the KGB tried to recruit Clinton. Why not? The KGB did some very stupid things, and also some very bright things. If Rhodes scholars aren't a choice field for potential agents, where are you better off? But an effort by the KGB to recruit, assuming such an effort was made, suggests nothing more than that, like all the "Apostles" in Cambridge who were recruited during the Thirties, Clinton was bright enough to be attractive to the KGB. After all, he is bright enough to be attractive to the majority of Democratic voters, so what else is new? Certainly not the maladroitness of the Bush campaign. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

The Etruscan Smile

ELECTION-YEAR twitch is a disease of print commentators who have watched too many talking heads on TV. True, we can take half of our cable bills as a tax deduction, but it's not worth putting up with:

Dan Rather, whose membership in the "cultural elite" proves that America really is a classless society.

PBS shows in praise of the Year of the Woman that lead in and sign off with Renaissance music to soothe the savage beastie in the tote-bag set.

The Bobbsey twins of *Capital Gang*, Mona Charen and Margaret Warner, cavorting in their hotbeds of moderation and sinking deeper and deeper into the Geraldine Fitzgerald part of sympathetic best friend.

Liberal guilt so unfettered and naïve that it resembles that universal tragicomic dilemma of childhood: lying in bed idly peeling off the mattress tag, only to find that it says DO NOT REMOVE UNDER PENALTY OF LAW.

Male liberals with BORN TO FAX tattooed on what passes for a biceps.

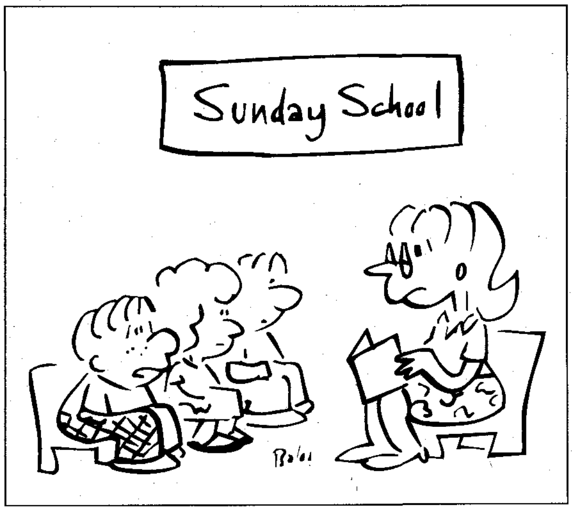
The feminist who inadvertently promotes the ne plus ultra of choices: If a man went to bed with her, should he put the bag over her face or her personality?

Worse, several must-watch public-affairs shows have been running the same GE ad for almost three years. In it we see all of Hungary being flooded with light as Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody mounts to a frenzy and delirious Hungarians exclaim, "Everything is wonderful, I'm so happy. . . . It's like a dream, a beautiful dream."

GE's "new" ad, on for about a year now, is not calculated to soothe the nerves of anyone who writes for a living: "This is the man who turned on the light that lit up the room where he worked on the computer that was linked to . . ." and ad infinitum, a hideous run-on sentence that non-union teachers used to call "The House That Jack Built." I have watched these commercials so many times that I frequently find myself singing, "We Bring Good Things to Life!" I can also sing it in Japanese, thanks to the one about flooding Tokyo with light.

BURNOUT LEADS to nightmares, and I had one—about, of all things, the art-appreciation course I took as a college sophomore in 1954. I was sitting in the classroom taking notes on the slide lecture when suddenly the statue on the slide turned into a real statue. It got bigger and bigger, filling the room with stone until there was no space left. The air grew thin; we were walled in and starting to suffocate—

I woke up. Shaking, I lit a cigarette and tried to analyze the dream, but I had no associations to go on. I have led an art-free existence except for seeing *Moulin Rouge* and *Lust for Life*, and even then I got impatient with the painting montages, wishing they would get on with the story. We dream about things that matter to us, not things that make us shrug. I took the Art Ap course solely to fulfill the humanities requirement; art is the only area of high culture that bores me, so dreaming about it is like dreaming about the only vice that bores me. I've never dreamed about gambling, so why did I dream about art?



"You mean Adam and Eve were homeless?"

I found out the next day while I was watching Bill Clinton on C-SPAN. My memories of sophomore Art Ap sharpened, until it dawned on me that late September 1992 was no different from late September 1954: I was still looking at the same thing.

Art Ap was one of those relentlessly chronological survey courses in which you miss a hundred years if you drop your pencil and lean down to pick it up. By late September we had finished with Egyptian tomb paintings and Assyrian ziggurats and gotten to the sculpture of the Archaic Age, specifically the *kouros* or *kouroi* (??), male statues with bodies still locked in the rigid Egyptian manner, but whose faces contained a hint of the glorious triumph of the human spirit that would reach apogee in the golden age of classicism yet to come.

The hint was a tip-tilted little smile, as if the sculptor had made a vee of his fingers and pushed up the corners of the mouth while it was still wet, or still soft, or whatever, and let it set into the Great Stone Simper of my professor's slides. Or maybe he gave it two final whacks with his chisel, one at each corner, to create a monolithic moue that would last through eternity. However they were made, the simple-minded expression they all bore had a name. It was called, said the professor, the "Etruscan smile."

Clinton's Etruscan smile is everywhere. It's in the picture of the teddy bear on my dentist's ceiling, strategically placed so that patients can see it when the chair is tilted back. It was on the face of the eager-to-please witness in South-Central L.A. who said he saw "four gentlemen throwing rocks through windows." It's the smile of Crown Prince Rudolf, of whom historian Betty Kelen wrote: "That such doubts of himself occurred habitually to him is written plainly on his face, in the quivering, imploring glance of his eye."

I was going to sit out the 1992 election but at last I have found that elusive "reason to vote for Bush" everybody has been looking for: If you can't trust an Etruscan—don't.

—FLORENCE KING

Miss King's latest book is With Charity Toward None.

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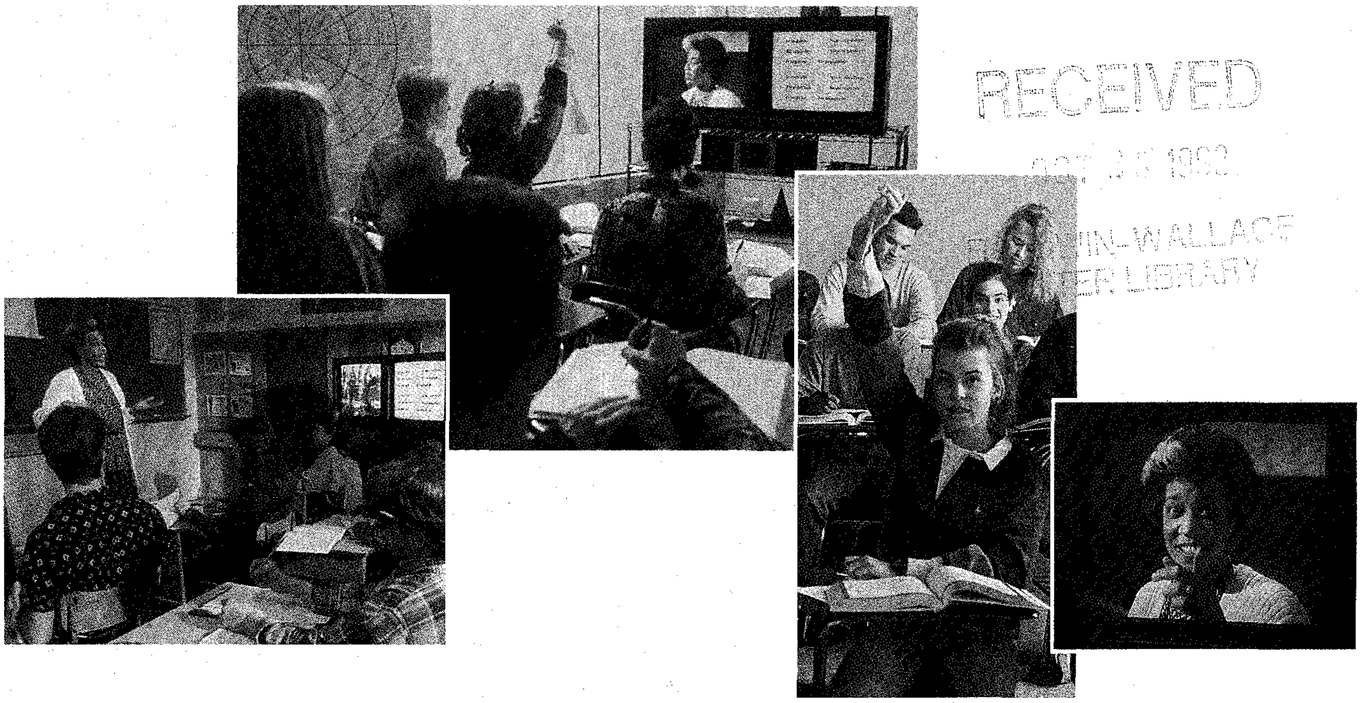

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